

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE VILLAGES FILL THE ALBERT HALL

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WHERE THE CONQUEROR STOOD BATTLE IS ITSELF AGAIN

Famous Norman Abbey
Opens its School Doors

LOVELIER THAN EVER

There have been pomp and ceremony and rejoicing at Battle Abbey, of which we may say that it is almost the very cradle of modern England.

William the Conqueror vowed that if God would give him victory over the Saxons he would build an abbey, and the abbey was consecrated in 1094 on the spot where he made his vow. In the time of Henry the Eighth it passed from the monks into the hands of a private family, and 400 years later it became a school for girls. In 1931 there was a serious fire, and for two years the girls have been in exile while their school was rebuilding.

Hidden Beauty

But that fire was really a godsend, for during the repairs all sorts of old and beautiful things have been discovered. Doors, windows, stairs, and a little chapel had been hidden by cement and plaster, and Sir Harold Brakspear, the architect, has been able to make Battle Abbey more beautiful than ever. It can now be said that it retains the arrangements of a great Benedictine monastery more completely than any other known example in England.

It is good to think that the abbey is safe. No wonder Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was glad to unveil the stone which records its reopening, no wonder the Bishop of Chichester was there to tell the girls how their school was founded on a religious house, as the glory of England was founded on the Christian faith.

We have been glad to take this passage from the fine address which Bishop Bell delivered to the girls of this splendid school.

The Bishop's Address

The whole place, lovely before, is still lovelier now (the bishop said).

As you wander through the Cloisters or up the staircase to the Abbot's Hall, as you pass across the lawns or look out over the distance, Saxon and Norman, peasant and king, festival and fair and 100 pictures of war and peace, life and death, may rise before you. So steeped is Battle Abbey soil in the history of the English people.

But for you in particular there is something more than that. As the third foundation, never forget that the birth of Battle Abbey was a king's vow to Almighty God, and that the stones on which this fabric is raised are the stones of a religious house. Any education which is worthy of the name must be instinct with religion; and I think that what England and humanity need at

At School in Battle Abbey



The school at Battle Abbey has lately been reopened, as described on this page. This girl is at work by a window of the abbey which looks out over the Field of Senlac on which William the Conqueror defeated Harold in 1066.

this moment more than any other thing is a religious faith.

Science is a noble pursuit, but has nothing to do with good or evil, with the satisfaction of human desires. It cannot provide a faith for the modern world. It can only provide the means for achieving what we want to achieve. Science is useless to us unless we have a faith that can use it. And the faith of England by which it has lived and achieved is Christianity. Any education of an Englishman or an Englishwoman (concluded the bishop) must be inspired by the faith and the worship of the Christian religion.

COAL FOR PITPROPS

Many transactions involving barter have been taking place between this country and Sweden.

A British firm of coal exporters sent a large quantity of coal to Sweden, while a British firm purchased from Sweden pit timber of an equal value.

BEAUTY ROUND CAMBRIDGE Grantchester Saved From the Spoilers

Every lover of the beauties of our Motherland will rejoice with the Cambridge Preservation Society that they have succeeded in securing for all time the approach to Grantchester, the home of Rupert Brooke.

The young poet would have rejoiced in the news, for he loved the countryside of Cambridge and would have mourned if it had met the fate which has come to Oxford, where beautiful Iffley has been linked by a line of bricks and mortar to the ancient university town.

There will be no such ribbon development of Cambridge toward Grantchester, for most of the land between the two, particularly that beside the highway, has now been declared an agricultural zone. The Pilgrim Trust gave £10,000 toward a fund to make this possible.

HEROES ALL ONE BY ONE THEY COME Handing Round Gold Medals For Golden Deeds

A GREAT DAY AT THE SORBONNE

From Our Paris Correspondent

The Sorbonne lately opened its doors for an annual distribution of gold medals, and in came—not the usual scholars and men of letters, but men and women of the sea, heroes all.

They were numerous, they were of all ages, they had come from afar, and they looked a little astonished to find themselves in the large amphitheatre.

A former minister opened the proceedings with a spirited speech, and then straightaway announced the awards.

First came Joseph Volant, a famous old seaman of 73, with a record of 35 years of heroism as master of the Bréhat lifeboat; 19 people and 7 ships owe their existence to him. On hearing his name echo through the Sorbonne the old man wept.

A Ship in Distress

Raymond Couillandre, master of the Audierne lifeboat, came forward to be rewarded for his bravery last February, when he and his men put out in a heavy sea to a Danish ship in distress near dangerous rocks. It was impossible to draw alongside, but the lifeboat approached near enough to put a wherry into service, and after a terrific struggle, the 16 men from the cargo ship were got aboard the lifeboat, which, with so many extra passengers, had great difficulty in regaining port.

Several medals were awarded to rescuers who could not be present, for they had given up their lives in the sea.

Finally came the children's turn. Up marched Jean Farre, aged 11, who last summer plunged time and time again in saving a 13-year-old companion who was drowning. Then came Jean Lucas, a schoolboy who saved two little girls who had been carried out to sea.

The last to mount the stage of honour was Michelle Charreton, who celebrated her 16th birthday by making her second rescue a few days afterwards. She dived fully dressed into the sea and struggled ashore with a man unconscious but alive.

OUR FOREIGN FACTORIES

Since November 1931 a considerable number of foreign industrial companies have set up factories in England owing to our new import duties on manufactured goods.

According to the President of the Board of Trade the number of such new industrial undertakings established here is 254. The present number of people employed by them is 10,883 and this figure, it is said, will rise to over 17,000 when these factories are in full work.

EXCITING HUNT OVER THE DESERT

SEARCHING FOR RUNAWAY SMUGGLERS

The Great Lonely Spaces No Longer Safe For Crime

WHAT THE FLYING-MEN DID

An exciting story concerning a hunt for drug smugglers comes from Egypt.

There are Arab smugglers whose aim is to get hashish to the Suez Canal. Police patrols look out for them on the Palestine-Sinai frontier, but the smugglers are mounted on camels, and the desert is a wide hiding-place.

The other day seven innocent-looking Arabs on loaded camels proved to be smugglers. The patrol managed to capture one, but the others escaped westward, toward Egypt.

The police followed, and there was a fight in which the smugglers captured one of the policemen and made off again.

Pursuers Guided by Aircraft

The captive took a great risk, and managed to escape. He struggled to a post which has a telephone, and soon camel patrols were starting off in pursuit of the smugglers. They came from every part of the peninsula. But a high wind was blowing the sand over the tracks of the runaways, and they seemed to have vanished into the desert.

Yet they were not safe. Up in the skies, like hawks seeking prey, were three aeroplanes, and after a long search they saw the fugitives, and flew back to drop news of their whereabouts to the police, who followed in cars and on camels.

For five days the chase proceeded, guided by the aircraft. Then the police got within sight of their quarry. There was an exchange of rifle shots at long range, and then the smugglers ran away on foot, leaving their camels and hashish behind. They had reached rugged mountains where it was almost impossible to catch them; but their fangs have been drawn.

The Egyptian Air Force is very young indeed, and its friends are all glad that it should so soon have proved its usefulness. The desert is no longer safe for outlaws.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Theatre Doing Without It

We shall be very interested to hear how the Nameless Theatre goes on; it opened with a nameless play by a nameless author with a nameless cast.

This amusing experiment has been started by Mr Ashley Dukes at the Notting Hill theatre which, before it became nameless, was called the Ballet Club Theatre. Mr Dukes feels that far too much weight is carried by a mere name, that there are excellent actors who find they have no chance because other actors have such a name, that good work is lost because it is not associated with a name.

He is therefore starting a new tradition in theatre work. His first play is "a modern play in eleven scenes," and the actors are described as a lady, a friend, a musician, and so on. And he intends to go on on the same lines.

It is rather hard on the critics, of course. They will not be able to say Mr — looked rather uneasy in a small part, and we missed Miss —'s customary light touch. They may hint darkly that they expected this of the musician, but even then they may be wrong; it may be quite another musician. As for the author, he may be a novice or very well known indeed. Certainly our critics will have to get away from their trick of judging by names and reputations, and will have to judge the work alone.

It will be very interesting.

VILLAGE PLAYERS COME TO TOWN

THE GENIUS OF OUR COUNTRY FOLK

Story Behind Two Nights at a Theatre

ENTERTAINING OURSELVES

For two nights the Scala Theatre has been the scene of some amazing amateur acting, and it is no good saying that if we had known how good it was we would have taken all our friends, for the house was packed each night.

The actors were drawn from the villages of England, and we hope that next time they honour London with their performances they will stay longer.

Behind these two performances lies a pretty story. During the winter two very competent judges, Mrs Wheeler and Miss Raeburn, took a long journey through England, stopping at the villages where the Women's Institute had raised an acting team.

The Winning Teams

They were about three months on the work and found that they had to judge about 150 companies. From them they chose nine teams to appear at the Scala and gave nine others honourable mention. The winning teams came from St Mary Cray in Kent, the Bookhams in Surrey, five linked villages in Hampshire, Stanwell in Middlesex, Taplow and Hitcham in Buckinghamshire, Radcliffe-on-Trent in Nottinghamshire, Aldingbourne in Sussex, Swinerton in Staffordshire, and Clare and Finborough in Suffolk.

They gave a variety of plays, including a really exquisite mime on that absurd little song Clementine who drove the ducks to the water and fell in. Several plays were in verse, there were two extracts from Shakespeare's plays, one by Synge, one "kitchen" play, and that delightful comic play Thackeray's Rose and the Ring. As mere spectacles the plays were a delicious entertainment, so ably were they presented, and many of these amateur actors showed very great promise indeed. They reminded us of the excellent performance we had just seen of two plays at Eve Acton-Bond's School in Hampstead, excellent events both, with sheer genius and charm.

Rich Life Set Flowing

Thus once more the public has become aware of the rich life set flowing by that movement which had no fairy godmother to give it a pretty name at its christening, the Women's Institutes. Behind these successful performances, and scores we were not permitted to see, lie years of labour, nights upon nights of laughter, endeavour, education, discipline—the team work which is one of the strongest forces of the movement.

The actors have been willing to be told how to speak, they have been made to read books which otherwise it would not have occurred to them to open, and they have mastered the very great lesson of entertaining ourselves. One team began by weekly readings of poetry. Five years passed. Now they have played Shakespeare at the Scala. Who is to estimate the good done by these village producers and stage managers during the long winters folded in by hill and river, by night and storm?

WORLD'S BIGGEST DRY DOCK

The new graving dock, the largest in the world, has been filled with the waters of the Test at Southampton. It will hold 260,000 tons of water and is capable of taking a ship of 100,000 tons should one so big ever be built.

The next step is to fit in position the 1800-ton gate which has been made in the North of England, when this great enterprise will be ready for its opening by the King on July 25.

AMERICA LEARNS THE BITTER TRUTH

Failure of Tariffs

AMBASSADOR'S CONFESSION

The American Ambassador, in his first speech in this country, made a declaration that will be famous in the history of our time; for he declared, in the presence of the Prince of Wales at the Pilgrims Dinner, that America has learned the bitter truth about tariffs.

For years (said Mr Bingham) the majority of the American people have believed that the higher the tariff the higher wages and the general level of prosperity in the country would be. Now they have learned the grim lesson that with the

What Shall We Do To Be Saved?

We take this passage from the speech of the American Ambassador at the Pilgrims Dinner in London.

OUR civilisation is trembling in the balance. I believe another general war will certainly destroy it. I believe that civilisation as we have known and enjoyed it cannot exist much longer unless the burdens which oppress mankind are lifted soon. The world is in the grip of fear; it is afflicted as if with "the pestilence that walketh in darkness; the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday."

Yet I will not believe two nations with our traditions will fail ourselves and mankind in this gravest of emergencies. In every crisis of the past heroes and statesmen have arisen who, by their courage and wisdom, supported by the innate courage and resource of the people themselves, have been able to meet and to conquer every danger.

This is no time for mere trading and bargaining, for seeking any form of advantage the one over the other. There is no time for any other thought except "What shall we do to be saved?"

highest tariff the country has ever had more than 13,000,000 have no wages at all.

By bitter experience they have learned how unfounded this tariff doctrine is. They have learned how impossible it is to continue selling when they do not buy, and they are at last prepared through proper agreement to lower tariff barriers so that international trade may begin to move again.

It is a promising omen for the World Conference now beginning in London, and we note with pleasure that even the Prince of Wales spoke of the vice of economic nationalism which tariffs involve.

THE KINEMA AT SCHOOL

Four days a week the classroom of St Bart's School, Salford, is turned into a cinema, and the boys learn geography by films.

The school has now a film library, and the Empire Marketing Board lends films and charges only 9d for postage. Several big firms now do the same thing. Cadburys have an excellent film called The Night-Watchman, which shows the whole story of the cocoa bean.

GOOD NEWS FROM OLD DELABOLE

Famous Quarries Doing Well

In an article entitled The Idle Men of Delabole, which appeared in the C.N. for May 27, we stated that we were sad to hear that the depression of 1932 had caused the famous Delabole Quarries to close down.

We are extremely glad to learn that our correspondent was misinformed. The famous quarries did not close down; on the contrary, we understand that their output has been increasing year by year, and that they are in a most flourishing condition.

We are very glad to take the first opportunity of inserting this correction, and of calling attention to the prosperity of an old-established Cornish industry whose interests, as all C.N. readers know, we have much at heart, for we have again and again written of the fine work of Delabole, one of the oldest and soundest of all the slate quarries in the world.

CHICAGO'S FAIR OPENED FROM THE HEAVENS

The great Chicago Fair was opened, as by miracle, by light which left Arcturus, the fourth brightest star in the heavens, 41 years ago!

A telescope was pointed at the star as it gleamed from the constellation of the Herdsman, and its light was transformed into a faint electrical current by photo-electric cells.

This was amplified thousands of times until it was powerful enough to start machinery which makes millions of candle-power of illumination, turning night into day in the vast pavilions of the exhibition.

Arcturus is over two and a half million times as far away as our Sun and it would take us 240 million years to reach it by aeroplane. This lovely golden star would appear 27 times as wide as our Sun if it were as close to us as the Sun is and gravitation would promptly gather our Earth into its glowing interior.

HOLY GROUND IN A LONDON STREET

A case heard recently in a Church Court held in St Paul's has called attention once more to the great reverence paid to a burial-ground in this country.

In widening a road the L.C.C. wished to absorb part of the churchyard of All Saints, Fulham, but the Vicar and Churchwardens objected and the L.C.C. applied for a faculty to take the land into the highway.

The Chancellor of the Diocese, in granting permission, declared that graves commended themselves particularly to the protection of the Court, but that public benefit must prevail.

This piece of land, however, remains consecrated ground, as do many other disused burial-grounds up and down the country. Parliament alone has authority to convert a churchyard into secular use.

THINGS SAID

The Irish Sweep has taken £25,000,000 out of this country.

A witness at the Betting Commission

I hope the next Irish Sweepstake will produce nothing at all.

The Prime Minister

If the pressing problems of the day are not soon solved I believe all literature and art and beauty will wither and die.

Sir Philip Gibbs

If this country gets into another Great War I shall tell my son that it is more shameful to volunteer for gas-bombing than to run away from it.

Storm Jameson

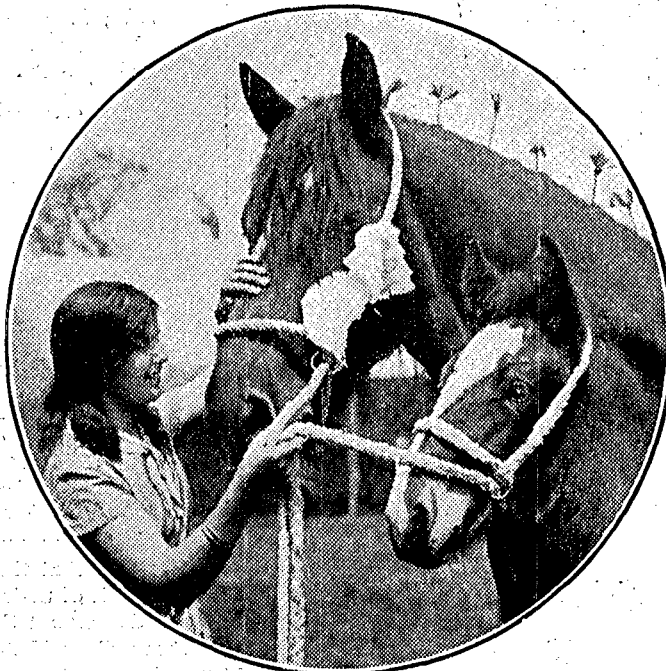
YOUNG POTTERS · CORMORANT NEST IN LONDON · A LIVING FRIEZE



Young Potters—These two children are pupils at a St John's Wood art school. They are seen placing their pottery in a kiln.



A London Nest—Two cormorants nesting on an island in the lake in St James's Park have lately been attracting attention.



The Champion—One of Sir Gomer Berry's horses, seen in this picture with her foal, awarded a first prize at the Bath and West Show.



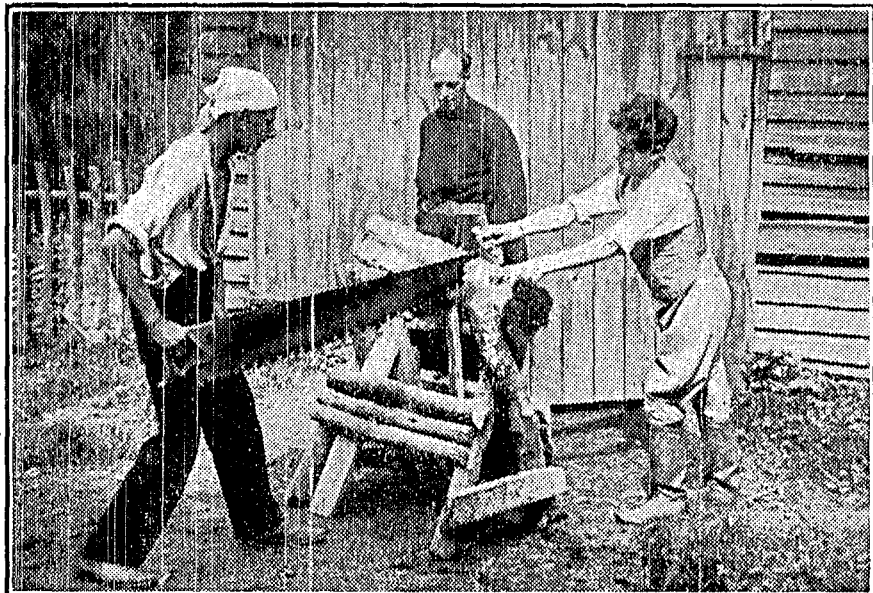
Girl students learning the art of thatching a shed on a Hampshire farm.



A Living Frieze—This beautiful picture shows part of a pageant of Greek dancing arranged by the League of Arts in Hyde Park. These girls who took part in it are pupils of a London school of dancing.



Boys of St Dunstan's College, Catford, renovating St Dunstan's-in-the-East.



Learning to Work—At Ticehurst in Sussex is the St Francis of Assisi training centre at which youths are fitted for employment in house, garden, or farm.



A Kitchen Long Ago—Here is a homely scene from the historical pageant at Lacock Abbey, Wiltshire, which was founded 700 years ago.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

HIS 400 YEARS

The Humble Poet Who Sang
of the Great Roland

BANDIT WHO APPRECIATED
POETRY

Italy is celebrating the fourth centenary of the death of one of her most famous sons, Ludovico Ariosto, whose Orlando Furioso, an epic dealing with the story of Roland and Charlemagne, is one of the most famous poems in literature.

By every railway in Italy pilgrims will be taken at half-rates to Ferrara, where the poet spent his last years and died in 1533; and there they will gaze on the humble home of which he was so proud, inscribing in Latin on its entrance the following words:

Small, yet fit for me and offensive to none;
not mean, it is a home built by my own money.

Ariosto, in spite of his genius, lived and died a poor man, having broken away from the yoke of his first patron, Cardinal Ippolyto D'Este, whose sole comment when the Orlando was dedicated to him was "Where did you find so many stories, Master Ludovic?"

Poetry and the Law

Ludovico Ariosto was born in 1474 at Reggio, where his father was in command of the citadel. He loved poetry as a lad, but his father compelled him to study the law for five years. At the end of this time he returned to his literary studies, reading the Latin poets under one of the greatest masters of his age.

When his father died, Ariosto had to take charge of nine brothers and sisters, one of them a cripple. Still he found time to write some lyrics and prose comedies which were shown to the cardinal, who gave the young man an appointment in his household at a salary of 75 crowns a year.

The duties of envoy to other Courts did not please the poet, and when the cardinal commanded him to visit Hungary with him in 1518 Ariosto pleaded his love of study and the care of his aged mother as an excuse for not going. The cardinal refused to discuss the matter and the poet declared that he was no cardinal's slave and that he would forgo his paltry pension.

Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara and brother of the cardinal, and Lucrezia Borgia, the famous duchess, took compassion on him, for his travels in the service of the cardinal had seriously affected his health; they gave him a small pension and later made him Governor of a bandit-ridden province in the Apennines, a duty he performed well.

Adventure With Bandits

The story runs that on one occasion he was captured by the bandits and taken before their chief, who, as soon as he learned that his captive was the author of the Orlando, offered him his apologies for not having treated him as the author of that great work deserved.

Ariosto then retired to his humble home, polishing his great epic and enlarging it to 46 cantos, writing satires and plays, and superintending the building of a theatre.

His writings show him as a lover of liberty and personal independence, a man of quiet dignity, with an intense feeling for beauty in character.

Before the Orlando all the romances which flooded Italy in the 15th and 16th centuries pale, none having the moving pathos or the vivid realism which his subtle imagination has impressed on his masterpiece. He was at work on it from 1503 until its completion a year before he died.

More than 25,000 refugee Jews from Germany have crossed into France.

Three separate people have sent three live pigs as an offering for the National Institute For the Blind.

The Traveller's Finest Window SEEING THE COUNTRY FROM THE TRAIN

C.N. Idea Carried Out by the L.N.E.R.
in Its First Land Cruise of 2000 Miles

THE MARVELLOUS POSSIBILITY BEFORE THE RAILWAYS

The C.N. is delighted to see that the railways are waking up, and especially that this week sees the realisation of one of our own ideas for their recovery.

The first Cruise Train of the L.N.E.R. leaves King's Cross on June 17, taking 60 people through 2000 miles of the finest scenery in England and Scotland.

It will consist of first-class carriages for day and night, and passengers will live and sleep on board, as we suggested, being taken round to see the sights by motor-car whenever it is desirable. On this cruise they will spend the first day in Edinburgh, the second in Aberdeen, the third in the western Highlands, the fourth in the Scott country, the fifth in the Lake country, the sixth at Whitby and Scarborough, the seventh in Lincoln, Ely, and Cambridge.

The train has a restaurant, smoking and writing rooms, hairdressing saloons, retiring rooms, shower baths, and single bedrooms for all.

We reprint below what is, we believe, the first suggestion of this idea for English railways; it appeared in the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, three years ago, and it shows what an illimitable programme is awaiting the Cruising Train.

WE hear that the railways are at the crisis of their fate. We are learning to do without them.

It must be said that the railways have very largely themselves to blame. They have had the chance of making themselves popular, of tempting travellers to go their way, of making us all more comfortable in their trains, and making their trains more useful to us. For a generation now they have wasted opportunities.

They have never had the imagination to give us a thousand-mile ticket that would take us anywhere. They have never even had the bright idea of putting up the names of their stations for passers-by to read; all they will tell us is that *This is a railway station.* They are carrying most of us about today, a hundred years after George Stephenson, at about the speed of his old Rocket.

Boundless Opportunities

And yet it is true that there are boundless opportunities before them, and it is only fair to say that they are waking up. It would not be surprising if the time should come when those who love the quiet ways of life flee from the roads and go by train again. It would not be surprising if some of our lines were kept for goods and some for travellers. We should not be surprised if our children travel as readily and speedily and comfortably by train as we travel by car. It is all within the bounds of possibility for these steel highways across the loveliest little piece of this beautiful world.

What we should like to see is some great railway king like Sir Josiah Stamp wide awake to the fact that our British railways have the most beautiful window in the world. They look out through it on a land that is not to be matched.

The Best Hotel in the World

We have just been through a thousand miles of it, and though we went by car we know the railways are equal to taking us, for we stayed at the best hotel in the world and at the worst, both run by the L.M.S. The railway that can run the best hotel in the world can run anything for travellers. We should like to see the railways bid for the favour of the traveller by making a train as comfortable and convenient as a yacht. They have the right of way to everywhere. Why should they not take us in parties, feeding us and sleeping us on board, letting us wait where we will, stopping at Newark for an hour and driving us through the town, going on to Stamford and showing us its old churches?

We should stop according to programme, run round a town in motor-cars, stay out for the theatre if we chose, or come back to the train for dinner, bath, and bed. We should carry our hotel with us, as on a ship. We should have our rooms on the train. We should wait by night in some quiet little place and wake up for breakfast in the mountains or on the moors. We should spend the day among wonderful things. What is it that the railways could

show us? What did we see the other week in our run of a thousand miles?

We saw the cradle of English literature on a hilltop at Whitby, and the statue of Captain Cook across the bay looking down on the waters that tempted him across the world. We saw that cradle of Christianity marked by the thousand-year-old church of Goodmanham, where Coifi rode up to the temple door and broke the gods to pieces. We saw the stones of Goodmanham on which men sharpened their swords on the way to Agincourt; we unlocked the door of Goodmanham Church with the key of a church that now lies at the bottom of the sea. We saw, safely guarded in a cabinet at Goodmanham, a little willow-patterned dish from Wordsworth's table.

Things Seen at Scrooby

We saw a room at Scrooby in which a little company of Pilgrim Fathers used to hold their meetings, and William Brewster's pew in Scrooby Church. We saw the room in which Richard the Third signed away the life of Buckingham, and the room in which Charles Stuart spent his last night of freedom. We saw the castle in which King John died for the good of England, and the quiet little grave of John Woolman. We saw a stone inscribed *To the Unconquered Dead*. We saw a Roman lady's hair with two black jet pins still where she left them. We saw a stained-glass window big enough to play lawn tennis on, and another with a hundred thousand pieces of old glass.

We saw sundials that have marked the time for a thousand years in little churchyards. We saw the marvellous doorway of the Chapter House at Southwell, which Ruskin called the gem of English architecture, and which is surely unsurpassed. We saw a cathedral altar made from aeroplanes broken in the war. We saw two beautiful windows from the old Houses of Parliament, survivors from the fire. We saw the Ollerton Beeches and the Clumber Limes, the two noblest avenues that even the Dukeries have. We saw a hundred windows of a ruined abbey open to the sky; we saw the ruined beauty of Bylands and Rievaulx.

York's Wonderful Minster

We saw the door through which John Bunyan walked into Bedford Gaol, and the house in which John Howard lived. We stood (half a dozen of us) inside a great oak in Sherwood Forest. We saw a painted roof bright with colours eight centuries old. We saw the well in which Paulinus baptised King Edwin. We saw the grave of Katharine in Peterborough Cathedral, and the horn of Ulfus, a wonder 2000 years old, in the Chapter House at York.

We walked round the wonderful walls of York, above the ruins of the Norman walls, above the ruins of the Roman walls, and looked across at the most majestic thing that Yorkshire has, the wonderful Minster. We saw twelve tree-trunks holding up the roof of York Guildhall, and eight trees holding up the lovely tower of Ely; and here we saw, in the matchless beauty of this place,

A NATIONAL ALLOTMENT SCHEME?

WHAT THE FRIENDS ARE
DOING

A Firm Stepping-Stone Out of
the Slough of Despond

WORK FOR 500,000

Friends in need are friends indeed.

Many thousands of unemployed must wonder what they would have done but for the helping hand reached out to them by the Society of Friends.

Through its Allotments Scheme, which has had a wonderful success in all parts of the country, they have been given a firm stepping-stone out of the Slough of Despond.

Already about £400,000 worth of fresh vegetables have been grown by down-and-outs. The scheme is now in its fifth season; there should soon be an increase of allotments large enough to give an interest in life and fresh hope to 40,000 more men than last year.

An Object Lesson in Sheffield

"If you really want to see how allotments can seize hold of a people's imagination," said Mr S. P. B. Mais the other day, "go to Sheffield, where 1800 allotments have been taken up by cutlers, moulders, razor makers, knife makers, fish hawkers, men in file trades, and colliers."

On one 300-yard plot last year the crop was 700 pounds of potatoes, quantities of cauliflowers, cabbages, and savoy, 60 pounds of peas, 30 pounds of beans, 20 pounds of beet, as well as a fine crop of flowers.

Mr Mais pointed out how good this open-air work is for the health and as a preventive of or cure for consumption. At Sheffield last year, of about 30 men who were ill, more than 20 were cured in one season through working on allotments.

Last year's records show that if a man spent about 5s at the rate of a little over 2d a week, on his seeds, tools, and so on, this investment yielded in only six months a return of £6.

Work Well Worth While

So well worth while is the work that the Society of Friends believe the time has come for a much wider national effort to be made in re-colonising our countryside, and they wish that some Government Board of Control could be created to deal especially with the unemployment question.

This might be made up of representatives of the Ministries of Health, Labour, and Agriculture, voluntary committees, councils, and so on, which have done pioneer work to help the unemployed.

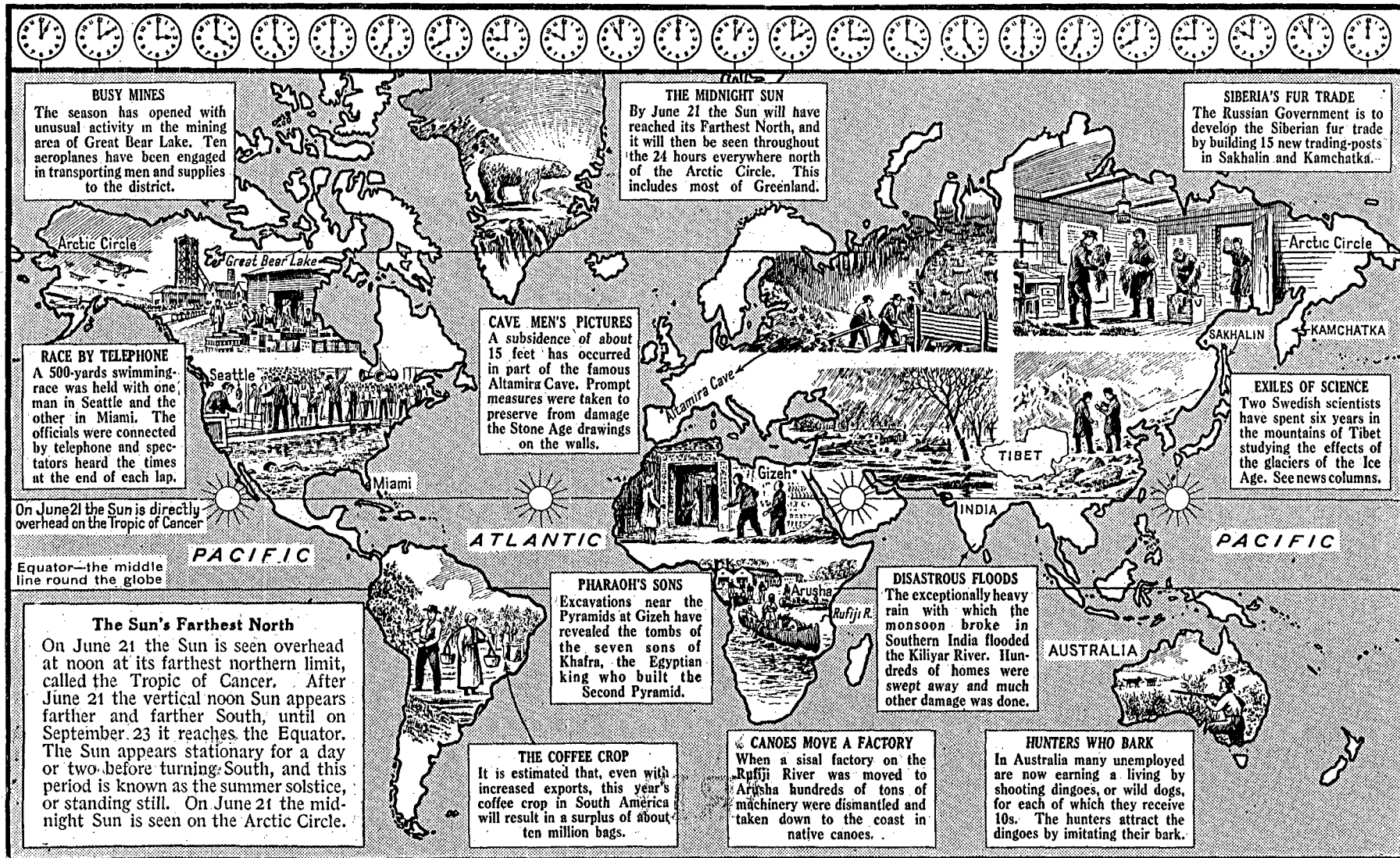
If only there could be a national allotment scheme, in a short time we might see more than 500,000 of our unemployed cultivating allotments and a good many so established on the land as to be able to support themselves.

Continued from the previous column

surely among the loveliest and tenderest things still standing on the soil of England, as pretty a sight as men could see in any thousand miles. High up in the octagonal tower of Ely, while the organ rang out in triumph and the preacher reminded us of that love of God that will not let a sparrow fall without His notice, there, among these eight cathedral trees, flew a little bird feeding its young. It had made its nest among these trees set high above the nave, and in the House of its Father it was unafraid, for is it not written that the sparrow hath found a house and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young?

We have not remembered half the things we saw in this ride of a thousand miles; but it is enough. It is more than enough to show us what the railway has for the traveller to see from its windows, or to visit from its coaches, if only it will set Imagination to work for it.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE IRIS GLOW IN THE GARDEN

Two People Who Put It There

Gardeners are grieving because a great gardener has been killed in an accident. Mrs W. R. Dykes might almost be called the Mother of the Iris, so much did she love the flower.

Her husband was a master at Charterhouse School and an outstanding naturalist. At a time when the iris was little appreciated he devoted himself to growing it, and produced some very beautiful hybrid varieties. He was made secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, but his tenure of office was all too short, and he also perished in an accident.

Mrs Dykes devoted herself to the flowers her husband had so loved. A good deal of his work was unfinished, and she completed it. The hybrid varieties he had made reached maturity and perfection under her care at Pyle Hill, near Woking.

It chanced that this year irises have bloomed earlier than usual, so she saw her friends in all their glory. Then, on her way from Chelsea Flower Show, she met sudden death.

Those of us who love the iris, and every year make a corner of our garden beautiful with its shapely flowers, blue, purple, golden, or milky white, should hold in grateful remembrance the husband and wife who created so much of this loveliness for us.

THE AEROTRAIN

New Idea in Locomotives

A Russian inventor, Mr S. S. Valdner, an official scientist of the Russian Transport Commissariat, has invented an exceedingly fast railway locomotive which is called an aerotrain.

The prefix Aero is a little misleading, because the locomotive does not fly, but the invention is that the engine is of the aeroplane type, with propellers.

It is stated that the train is stable at a speed of over 150 miles an hour.

UP FROM THE COUNTRY TO THE B.B.C.

Director Iremonger

The B.B.C. has appointed the Rev Frederic Athelwold Iremonger as director of its religious work, and before many weeks have passed his new congregation of millions will be listening to his voice.

If there should be any inhabitant of the Hampshire villages of Vernham Dean and Linkenholt who does not at present own a wireless set we may be sure he is taking steps to obtain one, for Mr Iremonger has been a friend to all since he went there as vicar in 1927.

He is a man who has wide sympathies, having spent many strenuous years in the East End of London, both as a parish priest and as Head of Oxford House, which does such excellent social and religious work in Bethnal Green. Mr Iremonger, too, has held a post of wide influence, having been editor of the Guardian, the very broadminded journal of the Church of England.

The B.B.C. has been singularly happy in its religious activities, and the new director will enter on his task with the good wishes of all who appreciate the spiritual side of life and desire that Broadcasting should advance from strength to strength in fostering it.

HYDE PARK MAKING MERRY

It is quality that counts, and that is why the League of Arts entertainments draw so many town and country folk to Hyde Park on Saturdays in June and July.

Dancing is the feature of this summer's programme, and the great variety of ancient and modern dances should attract large audiences.

"On with the Motley," a series of mimed tales and ballads, will be performed in July by students of the London School of Dramatic Art, and there will be the usual country dance parties. One on the afternoon of June 10 is for children.

THE BRONTES IN LONDON

And an Old Lady in Brussels

London has lately seen two plays on the Brontë sisters and is promised more.

Fame plays such tricks with Time that it comes as a surprise to learn that in Brussels is an old lady of 94 whose father also comes into these plays.

She is Mademoiselle Heger, and it was to her father's school in Brussels that Charlotte went in 1842, first as a pupil, and then for a few months as English mistress, long enough to lose her heart completely to the professor.

The school she described in Villette, and some of her love for M. Heger she satisfied by making him play Rochester to her Jane Eyre, as well as the hero in her other books.

We wish Miss Heger could have come to London to see these plays about the sisters who seem so remote to us but were part of her young life. Emily went with Charlotte to Brussels, so that Miss Heger, then a child of three, has probably been tucked up in bed by both these famous people. That she is interested we know, for she still keeps some old school exercise books corrected in Charlotte's handwriting.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SON

On the line in the Royal Academy are two pictures of wild geese in flight that everybody stops to notice, so full they are of the grace of movement.

They remind one of the skill of the Japanese artists in placing birds on canvas so that they seem to be flying off it and yet preserve a most gracious effect of decoration. Many who saw these pictures must have wondered who Mr Peter Scott was and why they had not heard of him before.

The answer is that he is Peter, the little son Captain Scott left behind when he died in his tent in the Antarctic. He has grown up now and will make a name for himself. An exhibition of his work is to be held at Ackerman's in Piccadilly this month.

DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS

From Glacial Sea To a Talkie Film

Two Swedish scientists, Eric Norgin and Birger Bohlin, have returned to Peking after six years in the heights of Tibet.

Their object was to find out something about the glaciers which covered the deep valleys of Karakorum during the Ice Age, and for the last eight months they worked at a height of nearly 20,000 feet.

These glaciers seem to have formed an inland sea, which disappeared little by little during hundreds of centuries.

Near Chian-Chu-Kouan, where the Great Wall ends, they discovered quantities of fossils, dinosaurs, fishes, insects, and plants, all of which were alive 200,000 centuries ago.

The scientists had not seen a white man for years, and when they arrived at Bombay on their way to Peking they were astonished, on entering a cinema, to find themselves listening to a talkie film.

See World Map

WAR SPIRIT AT HOME

How Strikes Impoverish Workers

Over a million pounds has been spent by the Weavers Amalgamation on various disputes since 1920, about three-quarters of this being from levies on the members.

One of the results of the constant struggle has been a loss in membership, which has diminished to the 1912 level.

The main cause of this waste of money and energy was the more-looms-to-a-weaver question, which has now been amicably settled and should have been settled at the time it arose. Everyone concerned has been a loser in this ridiculous quarrel, and its effects have spread beyond the industry.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 17

1933

The Trail Across This
Lovely World

THERE is still hope for this old country. We found ourselves the other day in one of the loveliest valleys near London; half of it lovely still and half of it made into a slum.

We were looking at the ruined walls of a church set up 700 years ago, hidden from the highroad where cars rush by from dawn to night. In the half of the valley unseen from this ruin, and high up on the other side of the great highroad, two slums are growing up where nothing but beauty was ten years ago. The hard-hit taxpayer has paid a hundred thousand pounds for this road, yet all who will may come and line it with their sheds and shanties and hen runs, without a tree, a hedge, or a shrub, or any screen that would hide the ugliness from the world.

But down by the ruined church we found a man who loves this peaceful countryside, who thinks these places should be sacred to us all, whose indignation knew no bounds when he thought of what was happening all around him. He was a man after our own heart, and just a labourer.

It seems to us one of the saddest things that the simple folk who have loved the country all their lives are helpless when they see it spoiled by those who care nothing. It is the squandering of public beauty for private greed that is so pitiful.

One thing our labourer told us in this lovely valley. He came from another part of Kent, down in Minster, and he was one of the five men who set up the cross at Ebbsfleet which marks the landing of St Augustine. Somewhere among these fields, where the first English people came to make war and the first Roman missionaries came to make peace, is the home of this man who loves the country, and in it is the father and his youngest son. (The whole family is still living except the mother, who was killed by a fox in a poultry-run!)

The old father would be going to work this morning as a bailiff; he loves his work and does it well, and he walks to it at five o'clock every morning though he is 95 years old. His youngest son can go to work no more, for he lives in a chair, so crippled by war that we cannot say in this paper how pitiful it is. It is one of the most heartbreaking sights the hideous trail of the war has left among us, but the old man goes cheerfully on, his heart young at 95, working for the country he loves because it is beautiful, bearing up in the great sorrow with which war has stricken his home.

Those who wanted war have had it. Let those who want another fight it for themselves.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



King's English in Church

ONE of the bright boys of the village of Badsworth in Yorkshire has called the attention of a C.N. friend to a sad mistake on its Peace Memorial.

It is on the oak panel in the church, or so it was a month or two ago. The panel reads:

To the glory of God and in thankful remembrance of all from Badsworth parish and school who offered themselves in their countries need.

Every schoolboy knows, of course, that the panel should read "in their country's need" and it seems a thousand pities that what is particularly a school memorial should so sadly misuse the King's English.

The A.A. and the Countryside

THE C.N. has many times criticised the policy of the A.A., that most admirable friend of all travellers, in joining the spoilers of the countryside by fixing signs on trees; and one we complained of was on a fine old tree at the top of Turner's Hill in Sussex.

There were two notices on this tree, a worn-out notice of the hotel behind it and the fine yellow medallion of the A.A.

We are glad to say that the A.A. notice has now been removed and set on a post, and we hope the splendid example of the A.A. will be followed by the hotel, which would make itself much more attractive by removing a notice which has ceased to be useful and spoils the beauty which should make us want to linger here.

A Surprise in a Bookshop

A CURIOUS little story comes to us from Scotland, where two friends of the C.N. were in a bookshop and opened a book at random.

One of the C.N. friends was an orphan who had been in the famous Quarrier Homes, and the open page of the book told the story of William Quarrier, the poor boy who dreamed that if ever he was rich he would help poor children, and who, though he did not grow rich in gold, was so rich in faith and power that he built up these homes.

He never asked for a penny and never have the Homes asked for a penny, yet two million pounds have been sent to them to carry on their work since in these 60 years.

A Song of Night

The Darkness slowly gained upon the Light

"My rule has come," he said; "Let there be night."

And into every corner, far and wide, His great grey wings spread outward like a tide.

Then suddenly a little night bird's song Broke through the grey; a glow-worm passed along;

The Moon and stars hung banners overhead.

Is this the night, or silver day? we said.

Marjorie Wilson

Treasures Away From Home

IT is a long time since we suggested a clearing house for museums and other places which keep our national treasures. We are constantly coming upon treasures missing from their proper home and found in some distant place.

It is time such a clearing house was started, and we suggest that somebody should form a group of Friends of National Treasures which would help an all-round exchange by which lost treasures might return home again.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum the other day we noticed some of the old Chichester Cathedral ironwork. The cathedral has lost nearly all of it and has only the gates of the Lady Chapel left. It seems to us that it would be a gracious thing if the museum were to return the old ironwork to its place.

Tip-Cat

MANY successful men, we are told, owe that success to others. And not only success.

AN ostrich swallowed several collar-studs. And thought he might get a cuff.

A MODEL baby's pram is advertised. But who has a model baby?

SOME parents forget their children have ears, says a newspaper article. Except when it comes to washing them.

A COOKERY article suggests fresh ways of serving eggs. But are the eggs fresh?

WHY do children grow up? laments a woman writer. Because they can't grow down.

SOMEBODY declares that novels should have better covers. Why not covers better novels?

DON'T worry over trifles, says a doctor. Make a custard.

ONE more daily has changed its type. The newspapers will soon be readable.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

OVER 1500 Barnardo boys and girls set out on useful careers last year.

A WINDSOR lady has left legacies to three pupils who made her last years happy.

THE Commander of the U.S. Fleet has issued an order against swearing in the Navy.

JUST AN IDEA

The conquest of evil in our own consciousness is an evil gone out of the world.

The Emperor of Annam

The Emperor of Annam, King Bao Dai, after a correspondence course with Jack Hylton, is to play in his own band

HIS Majesty, Bao Dai, The Emperor of Annam, Says he to himself: Now I Am a modern king, I am. But I have no dance band for my State. . . . Thus mused this modern potentate.

HIS Majesty had a will, And with a will a way He would not rest until A piano he could play. Said he: Jack Hylton is my man! I'll learn from him just all I can.

So the Emperor of Annam Wrote to our English Jack: I am a modern king, I am, But there's just one thing I lack. Please tell me every How and Why Of jazz band playing. BAO DAI.

AND now the trumpets bray At the clarinets and trombones; The fiddles squeak and play With the bells and saxophones; And with a smile that is far from haughty The King himself plays the piano forte! Estelle Boughton

The Crowded Village Street

By the Look-About Lady

PECULIAR scenes took place in our village last week. The vicar was seen staggering along, carrying two birdcages and a small ladder.

The doctor's car was full at the back with cushions and hats. We saw at least three rather nice-looking and not too ancient Homburgs.

Miss B walked the same way, bearing a large vase, quite a beauty; and the colonel strode beside her swinging two large clubs in a fearsome manner.

Our chimneysweep, not at work for once, had a great brown-paper package containing wallflower roots; the butcher's wife went out with two live kittens peeping out of a basket; and the man who writes carried along a whole pile of novels, new and old.

Whither were they all bound? It was our Jumble Sale for the hospital; that was all. People who had in some cases been stiff and unsociable for months together met and worked to arrange attractive stalls side by side.

Our small village in these days of financial stress made £27 out of oldish hats, oldish shoes.

Now, what do you think of that? We are assured once more of the great truth—that there is nothing like a jumble sale in an English village to make money. (Unless it's two jumbles.)

Though the day be never so long It ringeth at length to evensong. On a Norfolk cottage

Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Jesus

5000 VILLAGES FILL THE ALBERT HALL WOMEN'S INSTITUTES HOLD THEIR PARLIAMENT A Day in London For Thinkers and Doers in the Country WHAT THEY TALKED ABOUT

At dawn the tiny human streams began to gather.

From each of four thousand villages and more, some in the remotest parts of the country, came two or three women with little badges on their coats. They travelled by bus, by local train, and presently reached the main lines, poured into London, and filled the enormous Albert Hall with a great sea of faces, representing 5000 villages, about 800 of whom were unable to send delegates, though many of them listened in to the opening speeches.

The Power Behind the Cards

And what were the members of this vast Village Parliament doing all day? Not thinking of themselves: they were thinking of affairs affecting the cause they are so proud to be pledged to—to work for home and country in the villages of England. They gave the impression of an immense power in themselves which grew to a stupendous force when one realised that behind each of these women lifting their green cards to vote was a village community of from 30 to 300 members who had considered the questions "before the house" and sent their delegates as mouthpiece. "My Institute thinks" and "My county decides" were phrases constantly heard.

The Hand That Rules the World

The speech of the Minister of Agriculture was an enlightening little sermon on the capital text that

The hand that carries the shopping-basket rules the world.

Major Elliot was aware that his hearers knew all about cradles and cooking, but in talking of the shopping-basket he was on secure ground.

The British housewife (he said) carries in her basket 96 per cent of the export bacon of the world to this country, 94 per cent of the mutton and lamb, half the world's cheese exports, and eight out of every ten ounces of butter sent by other countries. And she carries employment for men in her basket, and hope, and many other things, he said.

A Voice From Durham

From this advice about the shopping-basket the meeting passed on to the sad question of those who had no basket. Five thousand villages were reminded that the Women's Institutes were pledged to stand by home and country, and are not fair-weather friends. It was made clear that the huge problem of distress caused by unemployment can be split up into manageable sections, and that each village can do something.

Hundreds of the Institutes lie in distressed areas. There was one poignant moment when a voice rang out (through the amplifiers) all over the hall:

I am a miner's wife from a Durham village. The distress of unemployment is very great.

Other delegates spoke of similar conditions—in Lancashire, Cumberland. We were told of the Personal Service League started in Lancashire 18 months ago; the Make and Mend clubs; of the hundreds of shirts being made by the Oxfordshire W.I.s.

"We knitted during the war, and we must knit again (said a clear voice). The dole may pay for food and perhaps rent, but there is nothing for clothes.

JOHN WORMALD AND WHAT HE DID

A FINE man has left us.

Many good things will be remembered of Sir John Wormald, but nothing better than the stand he made when a country labourer's wages were 12s 6d a week, and he said that no man working for him should earn less than £1.

It was a very brave thing to do, but John Wormald was one of those men who see their duty and do it.

He was a Yorkshire boy, enjoying his youth at Edinburgh University, when his parents died, and he had to leave the university for the business world, and play father to a big family of brothers and sisters. From the beginning of his

career his crystal honesty, his strong character, and his lovable manners made him a great success.

During the war he was made chairman of the Rationing Committee, and told to choose his own colleagues.

He became squire of an Oxfordshire village which was little better than a slum, rebuilt its 13th-century church, built a village hall, put the cottages right, and raised wages.

John Wormald could hardly have been bred anywhere except in these islands. There was nothing extreme about him. Both his feet were firmly on the ground, but his eyes were fixed on the heavens.

GOING OUT TO TEA



Every fine day now visitors to the London Zoo can enjoy the delightful spectacle of four chimpanzees taking their meals at a table in the open air. Here they are seen with their keeper.

And we must stir up our local authorities to set unemployed men to work on more house-building, on cleaning out wells and drains, on hedging, ditching, on local craft work. We must give the unemployed men allotments where they can grow their own vegetables. And we must not forget that a great many of our members are very poor themselves."

Some of the resolutions before the meeting were concerned with the trapping of wild birds, the need of at least one woman on the board of every publicly-managed school, on the question of milk; and all were given a severe lecture about letting the milk stand about when it had at last reached the doorstep.

Then, punctually to the hour, the conference ended. Thinking gratefully of the superb organisation behind it, the delegates went their ways homeward, back to the little villages, about 8000 women richer for a great experience.

DING DONG BELL Queer Adventures of a War Relic

We are not very fond of war relics, but we can sympathise with Sydney in the loss of its bell.

It is the bell of the Emden, the German cruiser which sank 22 British merchantmen before she in her turn was sunk by the Australian cruiser Sydney.

The bell was stolen last year from the Naval Depot in Sydney Harbour, but five months afterwards was found buried in the city's Hyde Park. It was taken to Australia's War Museum, and there firmly bolted down.

But once again it has been stolen, and the last we heard of it was a police report that it had been sold by a foreigner for £160, and was believed to be on board a cargo ship making for some port in Germany.

A MIGHTY PLACE BEGINNING ENGLAND'S BIGGEST CATHEDRAL

Liverpool Starts on One of the
World's Greatest Buildings

MILLIONS TO BE SPENT

The foundation-stone has been laid of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Liverpool, which is to be by far the largest cathedral in England.

One of the greatest building operations of the world has been well and truly begun. It is not too much to say that the tapping of that trowel will have echoed in a million hearts. Who will hear the last stone laid?

The building of this cathedral is a colossal undertaking which reminds one of the magnificent deeds of Michael Angelo and the Renaissance builders who stamped Europe with an unforgettable beauty. Yet even they hardly thought on the heroic scale Sir Edwin Lutyens has accustomed himself to in planning this superb building.

Looking Ahead

Like Sir Giles Scott's cathedral not far away, it has a magnificent site. When it rises on Brownlow Hill it will be plainly seen at sea and in the Mersey waters. People on the Welsh mountains will perceive its mass and catch the light on its stainless steel dome.

But we are looking ahead. A good deal of water will run by Merseyside before that dome, the greatest in the world, is built. The next great day for Liverpool will be when the first of the chapels is consecrated.

It entirely depends on the generosity of the Roman Catholic community as to when it will be finished. About three million pounds is the sum lightly mentioned by the architect as necessary to get on with the work. Even that little figure may soon alter. Building conditions and materials may change a good deal in the hundred years the cathedral will take to build if things go badly, or even in the 25 years it will take if they go very well indeed.

Iron Floor and Steel Dome

We cannot help thinking what a blessing it would be if that sum were soon forthcoming; how many thousands of unemployed would be drawn into all the trades that would be concerned with such an undertaking.

The cathedral is to be built of hand-made bricks, machine-made bricks, and granite, and it will be lined with stone. People who are interested in experiments and in the colour values of materials will prick up their ears when they hear that the nave is to be floored with cast iron. The various raised floor surfaces will be of marble. As to the general style, Sir Edwin delightfully declares it to be Roman-Renaissance; and certainly, with its stainless steel dome and its blue-grey iron floor, this cathedral will be of a style belonging as much to the future as to the past.

To Hold 10,000 People

The west end will be started first, and in the meantime immediate work is being started on the enormous crypt, with its four so-called chapels that are really churches.

People writing and talking about this cathedral will have to be careful how they use up their big words. Colossal, heroic, come to the pen in every other sentence. A cathedral which is to hold 10,000 people, provide 53 altars, with the high altar visible from all parts of the building, makes other cathedrals sound like parish churches. But it is certain that the proud city of the Mersey will have still more reason to be proud as time goes on.

LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

A WONDERFUL TOY VILLAGE.

The Little Trains That Run at Our Feet in a Garden

THE BABY AUNT SALLY

The Land of Heart's Desire may be far away beyond the blue horizon, but only a few miles from London children may find a surprise which seems to have come straight from a story book.

It is a Lilliputian village with a toy railway set among low hills and fields and woods. There are growing trees and flowers reflected in a lake with rocky islands and a pier.

This fairyland village is not made of dreams. For everything really is just what it seems.

Bekonscot is a model village made by Mr Callingham, with the help of Mr W. A. Berry, in his garden on the Warwick Road at Beaconsfield, and it is open to visitors every Sunday afternoon. A small charge for admission is given to the Railway Benevolent Institution and the Queen's Institute of District Nursing.

A Beautiful Rock Garden

Some time ago Mr Callingham, who is an enthusiastic gardener, made a beautiful rock garden, and the idea came to him of building in this setting some tiny houses and a model church. Then he had a toy railway installed with 1200 feet of rails and five bridges.

So much pleasure was given to his friends by the village that he decided to give other people a chance of seeing it, and the boys and girls and grown-up children who go to Bekonscot this summer will find a treat in store.

At first sight it seems as if one is looking at the village from an aeroplane, so tiny are its shops and houses and bridges and roads. No trouble has been spared in making the proportions as accurate as possible, and the village, which covers about a thousand square yards, is modelled on a scale of an inch to a foot.

Pretty Timbered Shops

We have had the pleasure of exploring the village, walking along its miniature roads, up and down hills, across tiny bridges, past the fine church with pointed arches and stained-glass windows designed by Edmund Dulac, through the High Street with its pretty timbered shops, its town hall, post office, and hotel. In the street the smallest children have the advantage, for they see better into the shop windows than the grown-ups. On most of the shops are written the names of Beaconsfield shopkeepers.

Scattered about among the fields and woodlands are pretty houses. Signposts on which are printed names such as Lane's End point the way to alluring places. There are street lamps, traffic signals, and even a wireless station. In the fields are sheep and cattle. It is a pleasure to hear the little chiming bells from the church, and as we pass the pavilion on the pier there is a sound of concert music.

The Electric Railway

In the evening the village is a picture with its illuminated streets and buildings. The railway, which is controlled by electricity, is a work of art, with an intricate system of points and double lines of rails passing through deep cuttings.

The village is more than a model, for its maker has tried to show how buildings may be made to harmonise with natural surroundings. The only criticism the C.N. could make is that there is too much realism. Some ugly advertisement hoardings have been set up in the prettiest places. There is a row of miniature Aunt Sallys outside a petrol station, although these are not so blatantly ugly as thousands of real ones which disfigure our countryside. But there are no jerry-built bungalows, and the village is a model of tidiness, for there is not a single sign of a Litter Lout.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

By a Scout Commissioner

They were of different stature and race and upbringing, the one a small Indian boy of the Criminal Tribes, lately become a Scout in the Mission Settlement; the other a young English District Officer, obviously regarded by the boy as a deity of the first magnitude.

"You had better hear the story of both," said the Scout Commissioner in charge of the Settlement; "I will begin with the boy." And then he told this story.

A few months ago there was a bad outbreak of cholera in the Settlement; patients had to be brought in to the Hospital and laid on the floor as best they might by their relations, as there were no extra supplies or help of any kind. A young girl was dumped down by her weeping parents, who made absolutely no attempt to render her more comfortable in any way.

Almost a Miracle

"Cover her up—fetch a rug—do something!" said the distracted nurse as she rushed past; but bewildered moans only came from the equally distracted parents: "How can we? We have nothing. What can we do?"

Half an hour later the nurse returned to find almost a miracle performed. The child was clean and wrapped up carefully, with hot sand in a bag at her feet, and hot coffee to drink, all produced by a little boy in a very clean shirt.

"Why have you done this?"

"I am her brother."

"How did you know how to make hot coffee and what to do?"

"I am a Scout."

"Now for the young District Officer," said the Commissioner, "but for him the little fellow would not be here. Two years ago the young D.O. was sent to find out where a tribe had hidden its stolen goods, and he brought his Scout training into use.

The Tell-Tale Fluff

"He noticed the white, fluffy heads of some reeds at the river's edge on his way to investigate the camp of this criminal tribe; he noticed that fluff from these same reeds was on the blanket of the tribe; he noticed that the same black mud from the river's edge was sticking to the toes of the headman of the tribe; and, leading him straight down to the river, so impressed the headman by his apparently magical knowledge that the old man dug up the stolen treasure there and then, and became from thenceforth, with all his family, an inmate of our Settlement in Southern India."

The Commissioner pointed to two figures in the distance, the long and the short of it, who were gazing intently at a Scout chart.

"All seems to be for the best in a strange world," he said.

PENNY SONGS FOR MUSEUMS?

Idea For South Kensington

Let the Natural History Museum ring with the songs of wild birds.

The C.N. says it, and the C.N. has always maintained that it is wrong to cage birds. But now Sir Leopold Saville has suggested that gramophone records of each bird's song should be made and kept in the museum for study, just as the bird's stuffed carcasses are kept there. The East End boy should be able to know what a skylark or a nightingale sound like as well as what they look like.

Before each case there should be a machine (we suggest) with slots labelled appropriately. A penny in the slot labelled *Thrush* should produce the song Robert Browning described so well; while for a shilling's worth of coppers a man should be able to produce a perfect concert of bird music, such as the fortunate people who live in the country may enjoy on any spring morning.

BETTER TIMES FOR LITTLE ONES

Good News From the East

Some of Japan's hardworked children will soon be living more happily as the result of a new law which comes into force this year.

Those unfortunate ones who are neglected or ill-treated at home are to be put under the care of kinder guardians.

Those who today spend long periods as waiters or who dance for the delight of customers for hours at a stretch;

Those who carry out dangerous and difficult performances at circuses or acrobatic feats which may bring them harm;

Those who wander wearily from door to door trading their wares or selling them at street corners;

Those who stand for hours on end as companions to beggars or, worse still, exhibit their own deformities for the pity of passers-by.

All these will now come under the protection of the law that their lives may be normal, healthier, and happier.

The Japanese House of Lords has specially urged the Government to enforce this new Act vigorously.

THE SUNSHINE LADY'S BOXES

The Sunshine Lady sends a message of thanks to some generous C.N. readers who have been showing their sympathy and interest in the Little Folks Home by sending gifts of much-needed money.

If more boys and girls would apply for collecting-boxes there would be a better chance of keeping this seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Sick Children from closing down, for by means of these boxes a steady income can be maintained.

The pennies and small pieces of silver dropped into them are a valuable source of help. They mount up quickly, especially when children are keen collectors, for very few people who are asked to give will refuse to put a coin in to help such a cause.

Thousands of sick and suffering children pass through the Queen's Hospital and the Little Folks Home every year, and however hard the times may be this work of life-saving must go on. Subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to the Sunshine Lady, Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2.

She will also gladly receive applications for C.N. collecting-boxes.

CAMPS FOR GIRLS

The Federation of University Women's Camps for Schoolgirls is doing a work which deserves to be more widely known.

This summer camps will be held in nearly a dozen English counties; they are intended chiefly for girls of 15 and over who have not left school.

Usually the camps are held for ten days. There are many opportunities for games, swimming, excursions, and sing-songs. A few minutes are given every day to Bible study, and there are short talks in the evenings.

Although the girls enjoy the comradeship of camp life they usually stay in delightful country houses, and occasionally in cottages and barns, with nearly always tennis courts and bathing pools close by.

International camps will be held in Sussex and Buckinghamshire. Specially reduced fares and low camp expenses make a splendid holiday possible for very little money. Full particulars may be obtained from Miss K. T. Witz, 40, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

SOMETHING WRONG ON THE WIRELESS

A Little Trouble in Budapest

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Many inquiries were addressed to the Budapest Broadcasting Station the other week concerning certain strange noises which had interfered with the delivery of the news budget.

Atmospheric disturbance was the explanation given. It was only by chance that the real truth was revealed.

It appears that the broadcaster had had his little daughter, aged five, confided to his care that afternoon. He was to take her on to a children's party, but meanwhile had to keep her with him while he went through his task. He laid stringent injunctions on her to be seen and not heard, and she promised not to utter a word.

As she is an obedient little soul, her father felt tolerably safe as he lifted her on to his knees and plunged into his daily account of the happenings of the previous twelve hours.

A Poignant Moment

He was deep in a graphic and rather harrowing description of a recent railway disaster when he suddenly heard an ominous sniff coming from the bundle in his lap, which he had fondly believed to be sleeping. Foreboding in his heart, he stooped hastily down to see two large tears rolling down the drooping face.

The description of the sad scenes connected with the disaster had been too much for the tender little heart.

It was a poignant moment. Desiring nothing so much as to stop and comfort his child back to cheerfulness, the father was forced to go on with his tale of woe while the sniffs grew louder and more frequent and at last culminated in an anguished wail.

Fortunately the reading came to an end at the same moment, and Five-Year-Old soon forgot her troubles, especially with a children's party in the offing, so that no lasting harm was done.

As for the passing curiosity of the public it was easily appeased with the phrase about atmospheric disturbance.

A SCHEME WORTH WHILE

To Make Worth-While Lives

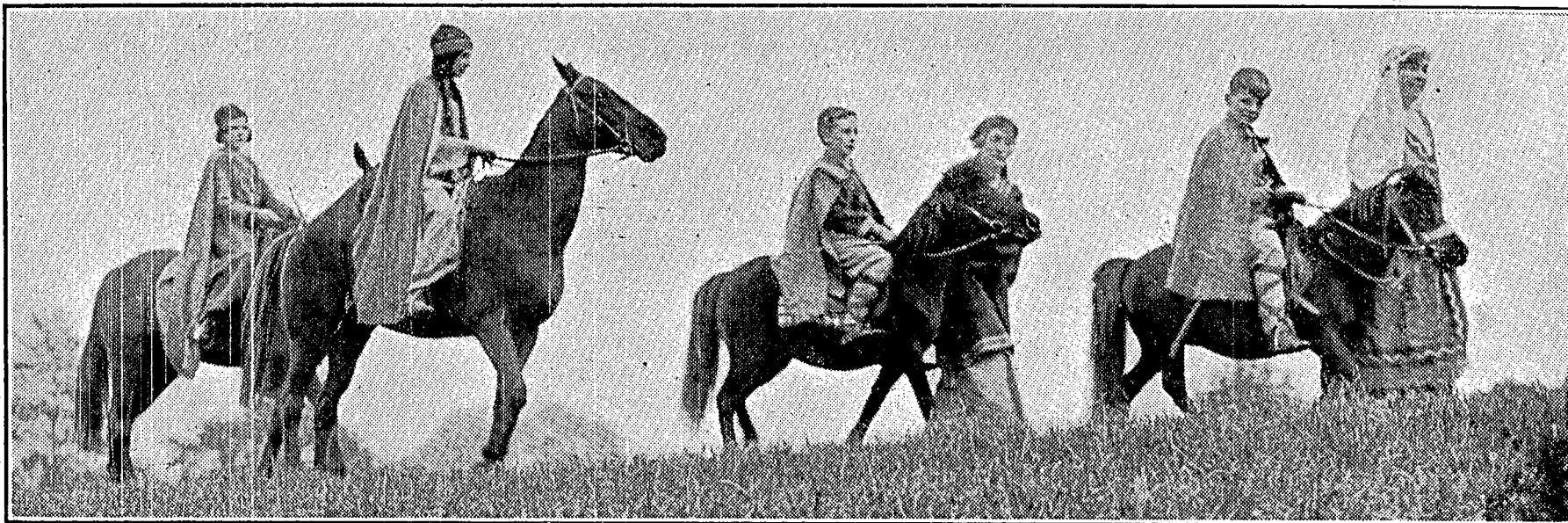
If ifs and ans were pots and pans there would already be Grith Fyrd camps in nearly every county of our little island, so promising of success is the scheme to form a chain of permanent camp communities in which young men of all classes, victims of the Depression, can live a worth-while life.

These camps are solving the problem of how to use for a purpose the leisure which machinery has procured for humanity. As well as living a life full of interest and occupation the men are having opportunities, during their time of enforced unemployment, of that primitive adventure which was lost in the migration from country to town, and of gaining experiences which will be useful to them in many ways in after-life. They will provide many of one another's needs, but will avoid competition with the industrial community.

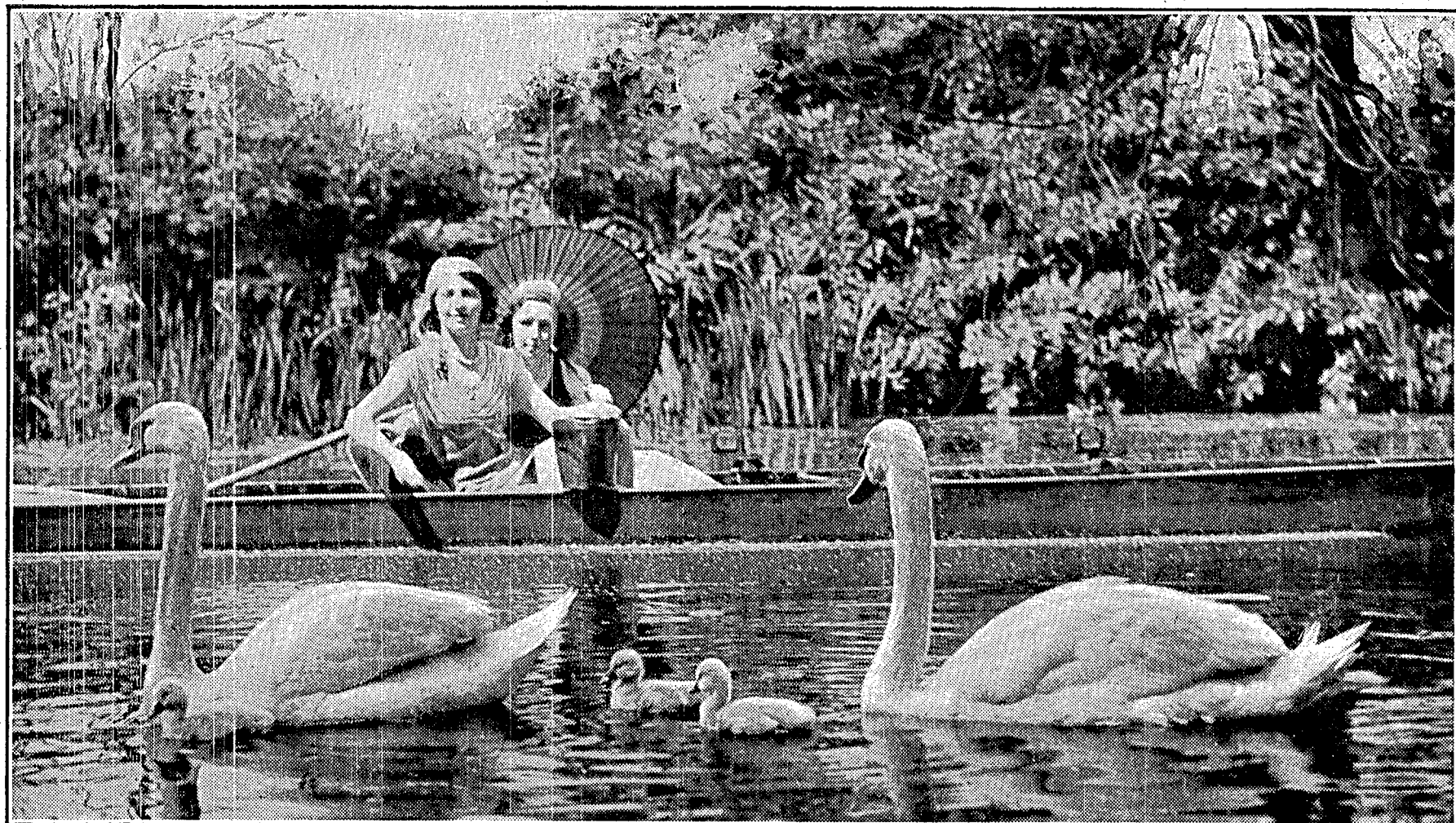
It is up to the nation to make such an important movement succeed. Although they will gradually become self-supporting the camps cannot be started without money. At present there is a serious weekly deficit which prevents the work being extended quickly enough. Contributions, however small, would be gratefully received by the Secretary, Grith Fyrd Camps, Toynbee Hall, London, E.1.

A hand-loom, usually home-made, is to be seen in most cottages round about Waddington Fells in Lancashire, where quite a trade in hand-woven scarves has suddenly developed.

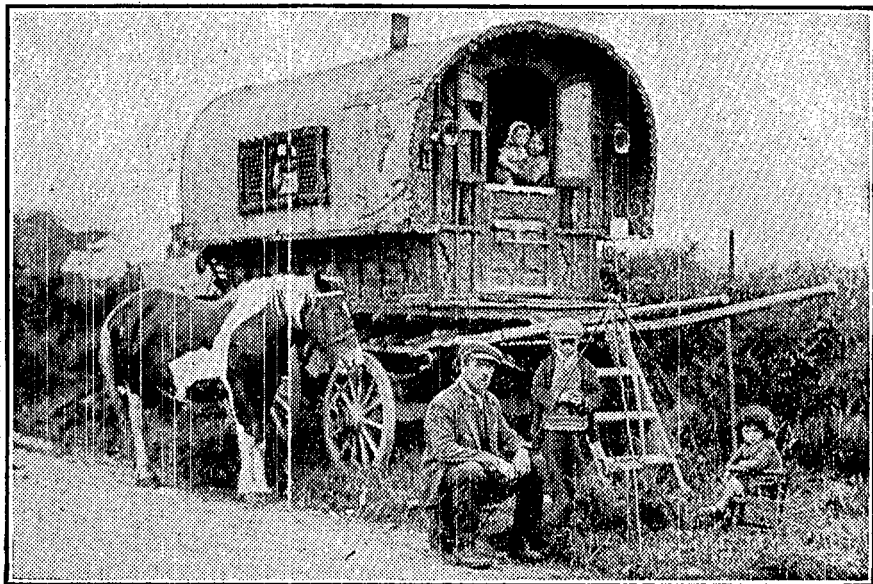
A YORKSHIRE PAGEANT · SWANS IN LONDON · THE CHIEF SCOUT



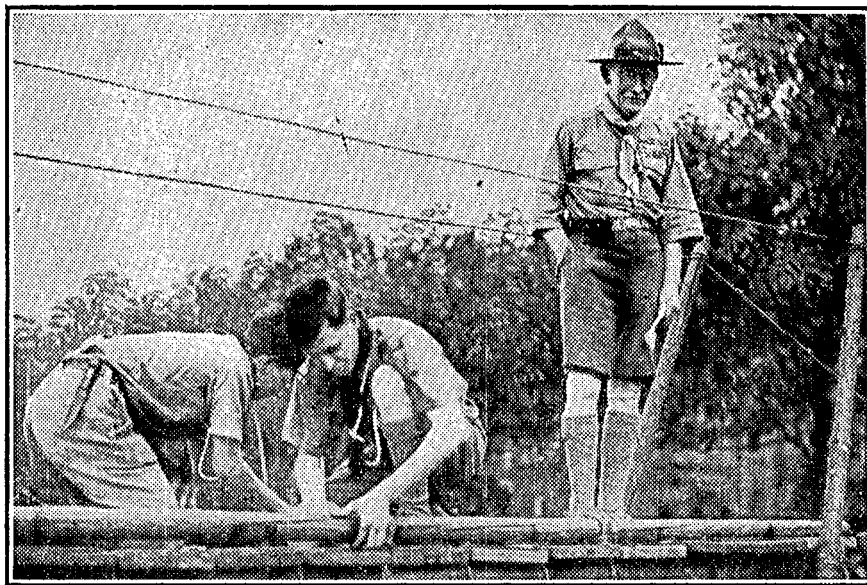
A Yorkshire Pageant—Here is a page from the story of Wakefield showing the de Warrene family riding to the city in medieval times. It occurred in the pageant at Clarence Park.



Mr and Mrs Swan and Family in Town—This delightful picture was not taken in a quiet backwater on the upper reaches of the Thames, but on the lake in Regent's Park.



Wanderers—In modern traffic the gipsy's decorated caravan seems strangely out of place, but it still lends a touch of colour and romance to the countryside.



B-P Among His Boys—The Chief Scout is here seen standing on a bridge built during a display by London public-school Scouts at St Paul's School, Hammermith.

THE HEROIC YOUNG PRINCESS

HOW SHE SAVED JOHN SMITH

Pocahontas in the Early Days of the British Empire

A NORFOLK MEMORIAL

Lord Fermoy has just unveiled a new memorial to Pocahontas in the old Norfolk church of Heacham.

From that village John Rolfe went to Virginia, in the great adventurous days of the early 17th century, and there fell in love with Pocahontas, whose father was king of the Algonquin Indians. The English Rolles, and people in America who claim descent from Pocahontas, have given this memorial.

It is in alabaster, and was carved by Mrs Wallace, a pupil of Rodin. It shows Pocahontas as Simon de Parse saw her when he painted the Red Indian princess about 1616. John Smith, the valiant leader of the Colonists, had just petitioned the Queen to receive her, and had told how she saved his life.

A Friend of His Captors

The Red Indians had captured and murdered three settlers, and then caught Smith. They were going to beat him to death with clubs, but a young girl flung herself upon him and clung to him. She was Pocahontas, daughter of Powhattan, lord of the Algonquins, and she would not move till her father promised to spare the prisoner.

He was saved. He became the friend of his captors. They sent him back to Jamestown loaded with presents.

By and by Pocahontas visited the Colony, and she came several times, till Smith was so severely wounded in an accident that he had to go back to England, and Pocahontas thought that he was dead.

Then Captain Argall captured her by treachery, and brought her to Jamestown, to be used as a hostage. There she was well treated, and fell in love with John Rolfe, who married her in the spring of 1614. He brought his bride to England in 1616, and when Smith heard of their coming he petitioned Queen Anne of Denmark, consort of James the First, to receive the princess.

The New Memorial

All England responded. She was honoured by the Court and by the people in the streets, and the dear little princess stored up in her mind many splendid things to tell her father in the woods of America. But, just as it was time to return, she sickened and died. She was buried in the old church at Gravesend, where there is now a stained-glass window to her memory, given by the women of Virginia.

The inscription on the new memorial says that her marriage brought peace to the Settlement. She was only 23 when she died, but in her short life she did a sublime thing, for the peace bringer has the greatest of all gifts for the world.

THAT CIRCUS HABIT

Dixie, the elephant who came from Wombwell's Circus to Whipsnade, no longer tries to sit down on garden chairs, but is still a problem to her keepers.

The chief trouble is music. It revives memories, exciting memories, and she begins to goose-step. Her passengers sometimes like it, but more often they do not, and some even demand their money back. A whistle will start her, or even happy humming under the breath; but she is trying her best, and is teaching irreproachable deportment to her two young companions, who luckily have not learned any of her embarrassing tricks.

GRAVE NEW PROBLEM ARISING

JAPAN'S LOW WAGES

Workers Paid For a Day What We Pay For an Hour

IMPOSSIBLE COMPETITION

An official British report from Tokyo shows what very low wages are paid in Japan. The figures given are for the end of last year.

To give a few examples, the women workers engaged in cotton spinning and weaving, in the artificial silk industry, and in hosiery earn on the average less than three-quarters of a yen a day. If we take the yen at 1s 2d, this means that the women earn less than 10d a day, or less than 5s a week.

In artificial silk the women earn barely 9d a day, or say 4s 6d a week. In match manufacture a woman earns only 7d a day.

In London a charwoman expects to receive 9d an hour, as much as is paid a Japanese for a day's work.

When we turn to the men's wages we get equally serious figures. The best paid Japanese workers, who are bricklayers and masons, earn about 2s 9d a day. Carpenters get less. Japanese iron founders and engineers earn less than 2s 6d a day.

Japanese labouring work is very poorly paid. A day labourer gets about 1s 6d a day.

The Finest Machinery

In export markets these low rates of wage have great effect. The Japanese export businesses are highly organised, and they employ the finest machinery. When, therefore, as in the artificial silk trade, we get excellent methods combined with low wages, we can understand how difficult the position has become for European manufacturers who approach the same markets. It becomes more and more apparent that European exporters will find it difficult to retain their markets in Eastern countries, and we are likely to see an increased call for protection in Europe against Eastern competition.

Japanese underwear is offered for sale here at prices at which British factories have no chance of competing. No possible economies of management or organisation can enable a British firm to sell goods at the prices at which they are produced by Japanese manufacturers who can obtain a day's labour at the cost of about an hour's work in England.

STORM IN A WINEGLASS

The Vineyards and the Tariffs

It has always been contended by Free Traders that tariffs not only cause friction between nation and nation but also between a nation and its Colonies.

The plain speaking and thinly veiled friction at Ottawa showed only too clearly how true this is, and today it is the turn of France, whose dearly-fostered wine industry is in the throes of a troublesome controversy.

In her proud days immediately after the war France encouraged the establishment of vineyards and the wine industry in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco, but when the depression came along these African producers lost their markets in foreign lands and began to send their wine into the mother-country. The wine-growers of the South of France at once raised an outcry, and a quota was imposed on Colonial wine, much to the dismay of the African growers.

Whatever she does, France cannot please both parties, and the world has one more glaring example of the inevitable result of the tariff system.

A Norwegian fisherman travelling alone in a 20 feet dinghy crossed the North Sea from Bergen to Aberdeen in seven days.

FLASHING TIME OVER PARIS

Seen From Everywhere

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LUMINOUS CLOCK

A gigantic luminous clock has now replaced the Citroen advertisements on the Eiffel Tower, and Parisians will be able to see the time from every quarter of the city.

The face of the clock is 60 feet in diameter, nearly three times the size of Big Ben, big enough to cover the front of a six-storeyed house. Hands have not been used for fear that they would get out of order too easily. Instead, rows of electric lights radiating from the centre of the dial will automatically light up in the right position to mark the place of hour and minute hand, the hour lights being white and the minute lights red.

Instead of chimes, searchlight flashes will be used to mark the quarters and the half-hours.

The clock is electrically regulated from the Observatory.

M. Citroen's clock is the biggest luminous clock in the world, and its construction at a height of between 550 and 900 feet meant much daring work for the men who set it up.

THE BAND OF GREEN ACROSS A FIELD

Something Like a Miracle

The western counties of England are famous for apples the world over, and at the moment they are rejoicing over a field where almost a miracle has taken place.

Across the field stretch two bands of vivid green, about two feet wide. The casual observer might think them mustard and cress, but they are peppins, apple seedlings grown direct in the open ground, and that is the miracle.

Time and time again growers have tried to germinate apple pips, and have failed to raise one green leaf from a peck of seed. Birds, too, are against efforts of this kind, especially greenfinches, whose instinct for discovering well-hidden wind-falls is a sort of miracle in itself.

So the growers of this exciting crop had to protect the pips with wire-netting as they sowed them, and then they overlaid the whole sowing with apple pulp, just as it would be in a state of nature, when the apple falls from the tree, rots, and gives shelter and food to the growing seedling.

This seemingly simple idea had years of thought and effort behind it, and now there is joy among the apple orchards of the West to think that 300,000 peppins are marching upward to blossom time.

WHO WAS PERICLES?

Born Athens, 5th century, B.C.

Born of distinguished parents, Pericles was for forty years the leading statesman in Athens. In his day she reached her highest point in splendour and power. He obliterated all trace of oligarchical institutions; he made Athens an empire State; he took tribute of maritime allies, and devoted part of the money to the adornment of Athens with those glories which made the memory of the city immortal.

To him she owed the Parthenon, Erechtheum, the Propylaea, the Odeum, and numberless other noble buildings, as well as some of her finest sculptures.

Pericles died of fever, contracted when the war between Athens and Sparta was at its height. He was an able general and a famous orator, but did his beloved Athens irreparable injury by not foreseeing that personal government, nobly as it worked in his hands, must be ultimately ruinous to the real welfare of a nation.

BATS AND BROOMS

TROUBLES OF SMALL CHURCHES

The Struggle of a Little Village To Keep the Sacred Place

LET US BE PILGRIMS

We are glad to have received letters from the priests of the three churches in Northamptonshire referred to in the C.N. some weeks ago.

We told of the sad condition of ancient wood and stonework at Ashby St Ledgers, and the vicar, in a friendly letter, writes to explain how difficult it is for this village of only 182 inhabitants to raise sufficient money to keep its treasures safely. The £168 spent since 1927 on absolutely necessary repairs represents a great deal of charity in a small place, and the patron has himself paid for the restoration of much of the stonework and the uncovering of the ancient wall-paintings.

How Visitors May Help

Of course the C.N. realises and admires the struggle so many villages make to keep their churches beautiful and to find the money for repair, heating, lighting, and cleaning. We only hope that the realisation of this difficulty will make any C.N. friends who visit these churches stop and think and pray, and then, like a true pilgrim, leave a little offering behind.

Let us all be true pilgrims on our way through the countryside. It will help tremendously if we drop a sixpence in the box.

The Rector of Northborough raises the question of what seems to be a problem in many churches—where to keep the brushes and brooms and everything else needed for cleaning?

Constantly these obtrude themselves. We come upon them in some beautiful chapel; they trip us up beneath the tower; the whole unsightly collection sprawls from under a half-drawn curtain; we ourselves have seen these things kept under the very altar of a Sussex church, and have walked away ashamed at this profanation of the Holy of Holies.

A Hint to Guides and Scouts

But is this really such a problem? Is there no place in these churches where a cupboard can be put, or a shed built just outside? We feel sure that the nearest Women's Institute (or the Girl Guides or the Boy Scouts) would supply a helpful solution if the difficulty were put to them.

And then there are the bats.

We are glad to hear from the vicar that the bats found by our correspondent last year in the church at West Haddon were not permanent residents.

They are a great nuisance, but the Vicar of West Haddon says he finds sulphur candles fairly good for getting rid of them, and another vicar in Somerset was most careful to explain to us that the incense pervading his church was not used ritually, but for ousting the bats.

THE MAD, MAD WORLD

One of our shipping companies states that several of its cargo ships have lately put to sea manned throughout by officers.

This is a melancholy fact, especially when we reflect that so few are the master's berths now offering that a large proportion of the officers of merchantmen hold captain's certificates.

It follows that master mariners are actually putting to sea working before the mast, and this while the wealth of the world waits to be moved about for the benefit of mankind.

The 73-year-old rector of Bluntisham in Huntingdonshire took six wickets for four runs in a local cricket match.

SUN-SPOTS

HOW THEY AFFECT US
Weather Conditions in the
Coming Summer

THE LONGEST DAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

Our day star the Sun will be more in evidence next week than at any other time of the year.

Though the longest day for the latitude of London, amounting to 16 hours 33 minutes, occurs on June 21, there is no appreciable difference in the length of the day for a fortnight, the Sun setting a little under a minute later for a week after June 21 and rising a little under a minute earlier a week before the actual longest day.

The Sun is now approaching the quiescent state of sun-spot minima, which is due in 1934, and so these terrific solar storms which appear at this distance merely as sun-spots get fewer and fewer, until the Sun's disc becomes quite free of them for weeks at a time.

Radiation of Energy

In consequence of this the Sun is nearing his minimum output of heat and electro-magnetic energy. The effect of this periodic cycle of solar radiation is revealed in various ways. For instance, there is much modification in the eruptive prominences visible round the edge of the Sun, while the wonderful Corona, whose pearly radiance and streamers are seen encircling the Sun at times of total eclipse, now appears very different from what it is at sun-spot maxima.

Then the streamers extend fairly equally all round the Sun's disc, but now it is only equatorially where they extend far out into space. Thus the radiant energy of the Sun is presented to us now in ways which are decidedly different from what they were in 1927, the last period of sun-spot maxima.

Effect on the Weather

A most interesting problem is the extent to which this (approximately) 11-year cycle of variations in the Sun produces periodic changes on the Earth, more particularly in the weather. The effect is most noticeable in the electro-magnetic storms and the increase in auroral displays which accompany the growth to sun-spot maxima.

Throughout large areas of the Earth where annual meteorological changes are fairly regular, such as obtain in Canada, Australia, Central Asia, and India, the rainfall has been shown to go through an 11-year cycle. This is as might be expected, as electricity enters so largely into the production of rain.

The intensity of the Monsoon in India, the variation in lake levels both in Canada and Central Asia, the development of forest growth as revealed by the rings in tree trunks, together with the annual migration of birds, are the most noticeable phenomena permitting of measurement.

Curious Consequences

But there are also less obvious consequences, such as the production of corn and vegetables, animal development, insect life producing blights, storms which affect fruit crops, and so on, until market prices are affected and we individually experience the results, ill or otherwise, of this cycle of solar disturbance which occurs 93 million miles away. Even the level of wells and the prevalence of rheumatism and other ills have been traced by some experts to the Sun's condition of storm or tranquillity.

But, as this country is situated where a vast continental and oceanic system of meteorological influences meet, it happens that their alternating preponderance obscures in many ways the immediate effects of this 11-year solar cycle. We nevertheless experience it ultimately though much modified; therefore, judging by past experiences, dry, sunny, and less disturbed weather conditions should be in the ascendant both this summer and next. G. F. M.

HERRIOT LONG AGO

The Scholar Who Was
Not There

Nearly fifty years ago in the famous Paris Lycée, Louis-le-Grand, a professor named Hatzfeld had 97 pupils in his class.

One day a 98th pupil had apparently arrived, for at the end of the composition hour an essay was handed in signed Fouilloux. When the results were announced Fouilloux was 98th, and no wonder, for his composition was crammed with as many mistakes as it would be possible to make.

But when Fouilloux was asked to stand up and own so disgraceful an effort no one responded. The professor therefore read the composition out aloud to the joy of the whole class, for the mythical Fouilloux had written it with the connivance of his schoolfellows.

M. Hatzfeld was too knowing to be taken in a second time, but he was never quite sure who had played him this trick. A schoolfellow has only recently given the author away, and we learn that the inventor of Fouilloux is now a celebrated man of letters, a member of the French Academy, and lately represented France in the talks with President Roosevelt in Washington: none other than M. Edouard Herriot.

THE CHILDREN'S ACT

Important New Provisions

The new Children's Act of 1933 protects young people in a number of very important points.

Section 18 lays down general restrictions on children's employment, while Section 19 gives power to local authorities to make byelaws governing the employment of persons under 18 other than children; young persons are thus protected.

By Section 20 street trading by persons under 16 is prohibited, while provision is made for the regulation of street trading by young persons aged 16 to 18.

Sections 22 to 24 restrict the employment of children in entertainments, prohibit children under 16 from taking part in dangerous performances, and provide for the licensing of children who are to be trained to take part as adults in dangerous performances.

All this is excellent.

Sections 25 and 26 prohibit children being taken abroad to perform for profit, and also provide that no young persons from 14 to 18 shall be sent abroad for such purposes unless licensed. Other parts of the Act deal with the prevention of cruelty to children; with the special treatment of juvenile offenders.

The new Act is to come into force in November.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Who Was the Father of History?

The Greek historian Herodotus (484-408 B.C.). He was so called by Cicero.

Why is the Bank of England Nicknamed The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

From a Gilray caricature of 1797.

What is the Meaning of the Swastika?

It varies in different parts of the world. Apparently of Elamite origin and thus as old as the beginning of Mesopotamian civilisation, it is sometimes a religious emblem, sometimes used merely as a decorative pattern. The Nazis in Germany regard it as an ancient emblem of Nordic culture.

How Does a Sonnet Rhyme?

A sonnet is a poem of 14 heroic lines with two main divisions: (1) three quatrains with six alternate rhyme sounds ending with a rhymed couplet; (2) eight lines rhyming abba, abba, and six rhyming more freely. The first form was adopted by Shakespeare, the second by Milton.

A PRETTY SIGHT

AT THE ZOO

DELIGHTFUL CAGE OF
HUMMING-BIRDS

Some Rare and Interesting
Arrivals From Kenya

DIANA TAKES A HOLIDAY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A striking display of humming-birds is now to be seen in the Tropical House at the Zoo.

Twenty of these dainty avians have arrived from tropical America. A special cage furnished with plants, flowers, and a fountain has been fitted up for these exquisite little birds; and as it is spacious in comparison with the size of its inmates the effect is most attractive. The birds flit about gaily from plant to plant, sometimes spinning round like humming-tops and sometimes pausing to take food or drink from little receptacles placed about the cage among the flowers. As their home is lighted by a sunlight-lamp their vivid plumage gleams brilliantly even on dull, rainy days.

Dwarf Owls

Other newcomers in the menagerie are a collection of creatures from Kenya. They include a tame ground hornbill, four lapwing plovers, four olive pigeons, four rare crested rats, and some insects.

The crested rats are the first of their kind to be exhibited in captivity. They bear some resemblance to a small badger and are thickly furred even on their tails. One of them has had a baby since she became a captive, and unlike the young of all other rats this infant was covered with fur when born.

Two pairs of dwarf owls from Tierra del Fuego have also been acquired by the Zoo. They, too, are the first examples of their kind to be seen in the Gardens; and they are the tiniest owls ever exhibited by the Zoo, for each of them can be held easily on the palm of the hand. They are timid, and if alarmed will inflate themselves and squeak; but they seem disposed to become friendly in time.

Two pygmy hippos have departed to Whipsnade for a summer holiday. A special shed banked by long grass has been prepared for them in the large paddock devoted to African creatures, for this year the veteran hippo Diana has gone to Whipsnade, and she requires a warm sleeping place.

Baby Creatures

This is the first time that Diana has moved from the Hippo House since she arrived there 20 years ago; but as she has been ill it was decided to send her to Whipsnade for a holiday in the hope that country air and a diet of fresh clover would do her good.

Baby creatures are now becoming plentiful in the Zoological Park, for, in addition to a number of deer, a litter of wolf cubs and a yak or grunting-ox have been born there, while the Bird Sanctuary and the other woods are full of chicks belonging to a variety of birds.

One pair of beavers are also believed to have youngsters hidden away in the underground home which they have burrowed for themselves in the banks of their pond.

The female disappeared from view for two or three days, and the male was observed to be carrying food in to her; and now, though she has reappeared, she never stays out of her house for more than a few minutes unless her mate goes indoors.

THE KING'S VOICE

A metal negative of the King's speech last Christmas Day has now been placed in a sealed brass container to be preserved in the British Museum. It is said that in 5000 years to come it will be quite simple to obtain records from this.



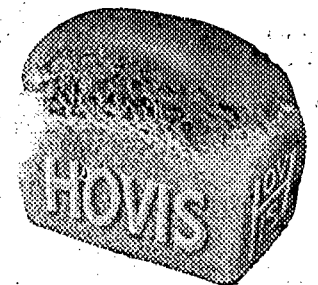
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**PLEASE SEND
2/6**

for the Children's Bread and Butter

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, should be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 8, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY FOR JULY

Here are some of the subjects dealt with in the July issue of the C.N.'s monthly companion:

Having No Country

The Plight of the People Who Belong to No Nation

A Building Rising For 100 Years

The Story of Westminster Cathedral

Adown the Saxon Shore

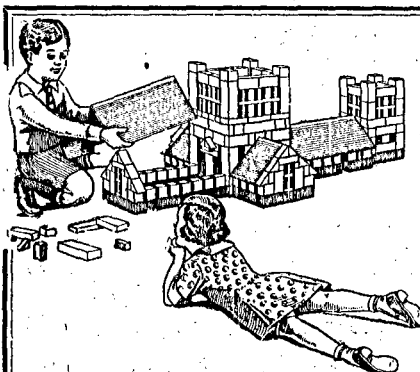
The English Coast Invaders Sought

There are many other articles besides poems, stories, puzzles, and numerous pictures. Buy a copy now.

MY MAGAZINE

JULY

ONE SHILLING



LOTT'S BRICKS BRITISH MADE

These Constructional Sets, with their real Plans, firm stone Bricks, and red Roofs, enable you to make all sorts of Model Buildings, just like real ones. They are splendid for using with Model Railways. It's such fun too, loading the bricks into trucks and sending them off to the building sites.

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Write for list illustrated in colours to Dept. C.N., LOTT'S BRICKS LTD., WATFORD, ENGLAND.

VISITING DAY The Scene in a Hospital

By Our Town Girl

At first it is something like far-off thunder. Then it becomes a wind rising in the trees, or an incoming tide. The sound grows nearer and louder, but there are no trees surrounding a big London hospital, and no great wind blows down its aisles and stairs, and the sea washes far from its walls.

Now the tide has reached the door of the ward; we feel it is about to burst in. We look at the big ward clock, which wants half a minute to four. We are not expecting anyone specially, but our heart gives a little extra beat because four o'clock is the visitor's hour, and it has just arrived; that sound is a tide of footsteps pouring down the great passages, and being drawn up the wide, stone stairs—a tide of footsteps hastening to the bedside of a dear friend.

All Sorts and Conditions

Now the door is opened, and other doors as well, and the tide, as it were, runs into the available channels of the different wards.

Here, in ours, come all sorts and conditions of visitors, from the collarless man to the fur-coated lady, each carrying, rather shyly perhaps, a paper parcel. None of them at first shows the slightest interest in the beds on either side of them: just a hasty glance at them and they pass on. Then suddenly the face lights up as an arm is reached out from white sheets, and the seeker has found the one he has travelled to find.

Here comes a man with a face which looks pinched with anxiety. He is what might be called a drab person. His clothes are shabby and ill-fitting; he wears gold pince-nez and is pale. His life, doubtless, is spent in an office whose windows are seldom opened. His shoulders are narrow; his face looks as though it had not smiled for a long time.

A Human Soul

Suddenly he sees her. It is then we realise that a human soul shows in a person's smile. He is no longer a little drab clerk whom no one would notice, for his pale face is alight with beauty. It is radiant.

A paper bag he is carrying contains two oranges and a little bunch of primroses which has been pushed inside. She is holding them to her face, and the tears are in her eyes, as they are in his now.

Far up the ward there is the sound of laughter. Someone is going home tomorrow—well. For the merest absurdity of a subscription (perhaps for nothing at all) the most learned doctors and the most skilled nurses in London have been at the disposal of a sufferer; every power of man's hand and brain has striven night and day with her. And now she is a sufferer no more.

Abandon Hopelessness

Facing the happy group is a quieter scene where one who is very ill has lain for week after week. A screen is half round the bed, and visiting day means little to her. To glance at her one might be tempted to think: This is a hopeless case. But those in whose hands she is refuse such thoughts. Her own courage, too, is battling with her, or she would not have that brave, unfailing smile for each one who passes near. This is not a place of terror, but a place of many a returning to life. Abandon Hopelessness, all ye who enter might be its motto.

The clock is pointing to five. "Time's up" is called down the ward's length. Farewells are said, hands are waved. The visitors pass out. Cheerful nurses hurry up and down. Sister is stooping gently over the one who needs her most. The brief invasion of the outside world has left us to our own small universe.

A new training centre for Hertfordshire Scouts has been opened at Barnet, seven acres of land having been presented by Mr Graham Wallis of Hadley.

THE NEW EXPLORERS By Pedal-Boat To the Black Sea

If the explorers of Elizabethan days were called intrepid because of the frailty of their vessels, how much more is this adjective deserved by those today who start on hazardous journeys in frail craft when every device of man's ingenuity during the intervening centuries is at their disposal.

News of three such expeditions planned for this summer reaches us, and though some may think them foolhardy the fact remains that only men of iron nerve could dare them.

One expedition is to the South Pole in a boat but sixty feet in length! Mr F. K. Pease, a young Londoner, is the hero of this intended exploit. He has already taken part in two previous expeditions to the Antarctic, and is confident that he will gain his objective.

Keeping Touch By Wireless

Short-wave wireless is to play an important part in this expedition, the vessel being fitted with a transmitting and receiving set. Yet another set, of smaller dimensions, has been provided for use by the sledge party when they set off across the barren wastes of ice and snow, so that they will be able to keep in touch with the boat, and so with London.

An equally daring adventure is that of a retired policeman, Arthur Bull of Edmonton, and a companion. Probably they are even now on a voyage round the world in a 25-foot yacht of five tons. Mr Bull resigned from the Metropolitan Police Force to make this adventure, and he and his companion pooled their savings of £400 to cover the expenses.

A Strange Vessel

But perhaps the greatest of all these twentieth-century Odysseys is that of pedalling to the Black Sea, which is the ambition of two other Edmonton men. Their boat is a collapsible affair made of a form of aluminium. The motive power is supplied by pedals and by hand propellers like those which are to be seen on invalid chairs.

Four knots is the estimated speed of this strange vessel, which weighs about a quarter of a ton. The itinerary is from Southampton, across the English Channel, through the Bay of Biscay, past Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, then along the northern coast of Africa, and so on. Varna is the destination of the frail craft, but a call will be made at Constantinople (Istanbul), and the return will be made by way of the European coast of the Mediterranean.

STOKE POGES

Famous Churchyard in Danger

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*

If there is one place in all England which should be preserved in silence and in peace it is the churchyard associated with Gray's immortal Elegy. It is in great danger.

Among the rugged elms of which the poet wrote are already the boards which herald the approach of the builder, and unless money is raised quickly for the fund of the Penn-Gray Society to buy the fields round the churchyard houses will engulf it. There is less than six months to raise £5000 to secure the field near the church.

Mrs Witton, of Heacham in Norfolk, who has just died, served as postwoman for 35 years during which time she walked nearly 100,000 miles.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 25

The Dene Hole

Jock lay flat on his stomach on the top of the cliff, peering down into the little hidden cove which he had first seen some forty hours before. Tim had hold of his ankles to keep him from slipping, for the ground sloped dangerously to the verge.

Jock turned his head.

"All right. Pull me back," he said.

Tim did so, and Jock scrambled to his feet. "It's no use," he told Tim. "Tide's right up into the cave and waves breaking into it. We'll have to wait for the ebb before we can do any searching there."

"Then we'd better tackle the wood," replied Tim. Jock glanced across the valley, where the stream ran, to the burnt and blackened wood which crowned the opposite slope. He nodded.

"Yes, but we'll have to be careful. It's broad daylight, and there's precious little cover; and I wouldn't give much for our chances if old Eyebrows spots us."

"We'll be all right," said Tim easily. "The farm's out of sight from the wood and it's all odds against the old lad being in among those burnt trees." He glanced at his watch. "It's past twelve, and the chances are he's at home eating his dinner."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jock. "But you're right, and this is our best chance. All the same, we'll go carefully."

There was not a soul in sight as they walked down the slope and crossed the brook. The hillside beyond was thickly bushed, and they gained the north side of the wood without seeing any living thing except a few rabbits and crows.

"Gosh, it's a mess!" said Jock, as he stopped and stared at the wood. "I'd be as yexed as old Eyebrows if anyone burnt up my plantation like that!"

"Your friend Red did that," said Tim sarcastically.

"No fear. That was Mark's work," retorted Jock. "Come on. We ought to find the quarry easily enough." They pushed in among the blackened trees. The rain had washed the ashes into a sticky pulp which covered the ground and stuck to their shoes and stockings.

"Can't see anything like a quarry," said Tim presently.

Jock stopped and stared round. "There must be some hiding-place. Let's try over to the left there. I see there's a bit of the wood that escaped the fire."

"That was the rain," said Tim, as he followed Jock. The unburnt patch was bigger than they had thought but they could find no sign of any quarry.

"I don't believe there is a quarry," declared Tim, as he pushed through the undergrowth. "Red and Mark could have hidden here all right. I expect if the emeralds are hidden anywhere, they're in the sea cave."

Jock frowned. "That cave looked quite small. Somehow I was sure there was a hiding-place in the wood."

"There is," exclaimed Tim, pulling up so short that Jock bumped into him. "If I'd gone another two steps I'd have been into it. Look there!" He pointed to a hole in the ground which looked like the mouth of a large well. It was circular and about six feet across. Bushes grew all round and met above it so that no one could see it unless he stumbled on it as the boys had done. Jock went cautiously forward and peered down into the black depth. "A regular shaft," he said slowly. "But what is it? No one would be crazy enough to dig a well in a place like this."

"And anyhow no one could get down it without a rope. And I vow those chaps hadn't a rope when we followed them to the shore," he added.

"Then it's hidden here somewhere," Jock answered. "This is the hiding-place all right, Tim."

Tim pursed his lips. "You may be right, but we can't get down without a rope."

Jock did not answer. He was already hunting round. Suddenly he pointed to the trunk of a gnarled old hawthorn which overhung the pit.

"There's where the rope was tied," he declared. "You can see where the bark is frayed."

But a search all round showed no sign of it. Suddenly came a shout from Tim.

"I've got it!" and from a hole under the roots of the hawthorn he tugged out a large coil of rope.

"Good man!" said Jock. He began to examine the rope. "This is luck," he declared, "it's a regular rope ladder. Let's fix it and go down."

"I'll have a look round first," said Tim firmly.

"Right you are. And see if there's any sign of Finch."

Tim prowled off and Jock got busy uncoiling the rope ladder. He had straightened it and tied it to the tree when Tim returned.

"All serene," said Tim. "No one about and no sign of Finch yet. Are you going down?" He knew how keen Jock was. "It's your show," he declared. "I'll do sentry. But be careful, old lad. It looks a nasty sort of pit. Have you a light?"

"I have my torch all right—and some matches," Jock answered. "It won't take long anyhow. Keep your eyes peeled, Tim, and give a whistle if anyone comes."

He swung on to the ladder and started down. The ladder swayed badly, but Jock went steadily downward. Presently he switched on his torch and to Tim's surprise the light was reflected from white walls. Though the ground above was gravelly down below it was solid chalk.

Hanging on to the trunk of the thorn and peering down, Tim could see that the pit was bigger below than above. Its shape was like that of a great flask. So far as Tim could judge, it was about forty feet deep. He saw Jock reach the bottom in safety and step on to the floor. Then Jock held up his torch so as to let the light shine all round.

"See anything?" Tim asked.

"There's a tunnel that runs out in a southerly direction," came Jock's voice, ringing up hollow out of the depths. "The stuff's hidden there—depend on it. I'm going in."

"Be careful," Tim begged. "The roof may be rotten."

Tim had had experience of Welsh lead-mines and knew what he was talking about, but either Jock did not hear or he paid no attention and the light vanished as he entered the tunnel. Next minute Tim heard a crunch, then a thud.

"Jock!" he cried sharply, but there was no reply. In a flash he had swung himself on to the ladder and was shinning down at reckless speed.

CHAPTER 26

Mice in a Bottle

Twice Tim bumped heavily against the side of the shaft, but he paid no attention to his bruises. His mouth was dry and he felt sick with anxiety.

What he saw when he reached the bottom confirmed his worst fears; for Jock was lying flat on the floor of the tunnel and by the light of the torch, which was still burning, Tim saw that his body was half covered with a mass of chalk. With a groan of despair Tim flung himself on Jock and began to drag him out.

"Steady, old man. Pull the stuff off me first or you'll skin me."

The relief of hearing Jock's voice and knowing that he was still alive nearly finished Tim. "I thought you were killed," he gasped.

"Not by a long chalk," replied Jock, then chuckled. "I didn't mean that silly pun," he added. "It's only loose stuff that fell. It knocked me flat, but I'm none the worse."

Tim raked away the loose stuff with both hands and out came Jock, white as a miller with the dry chalk, but unhurt.

"That's where the stuff is," he said eagerly, and was going in again when Tim laid hold of him.

"Stop it, you ass!" said Tim sharply. "Wait till I test the roof." He took a big lump of chalk and flung it against the roof, but only a few small bits fell. Yet he was not content and tried it several times before he would allow Jock to enter the tunnel again.

"Seems all right," he said at last. "But you go quietly, Jock. You never can trust a roof that isn't properly timbered. Here, give me the torch, and I'll go first."

Jock made no objection for he realised that Tim knew more about these underground places than he did. The passage was high enough for them to walk without stooping and the sides and roof looked as clean as if they'd been cut last week. Here and there a small piece of chalk had fallen, but nothing to signify.

"Do you suppose Red cut this?" Jock asked.

"Red, you duffer!" retorted Tim.

"Why, it's a dene hole."

"What's a dene hole?"

"A storehouse of the ancient Britons."

"You mean to say this place was dug all that time ago?"

Continued on the next page

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says Beauty to the Beast



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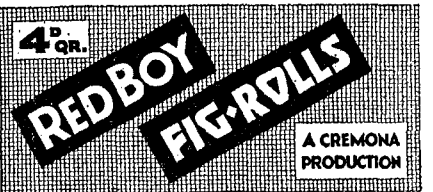
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says Beauty to the Beast

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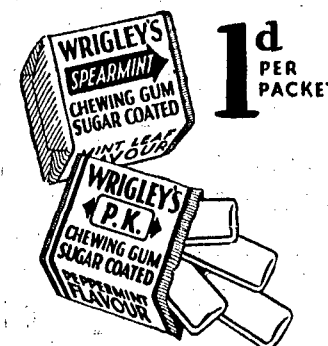


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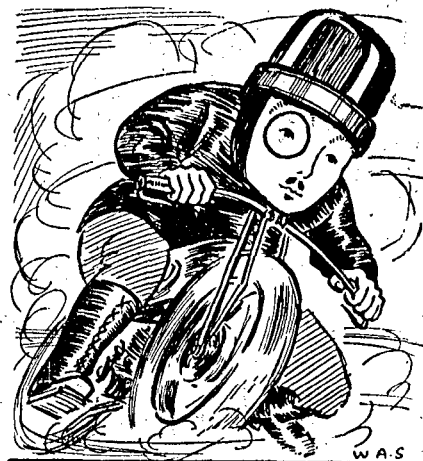


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Slithers round the speedway track
Says the Rider.....

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and
Sharp's the Toffee
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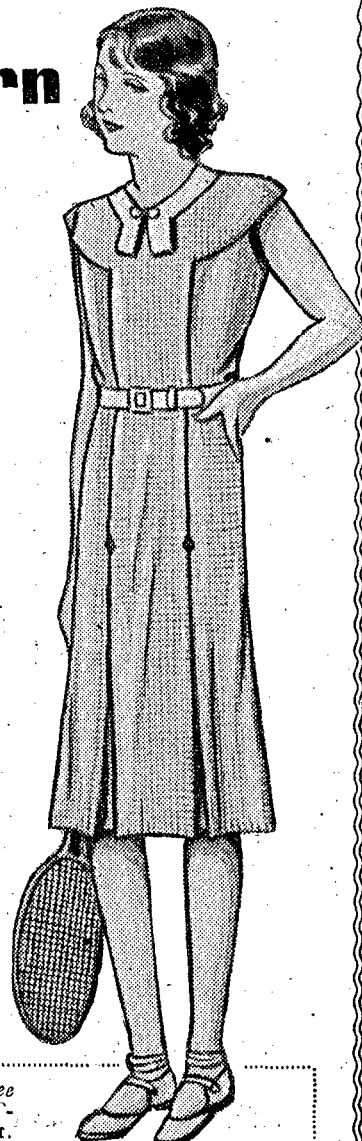
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 17, 1933 Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

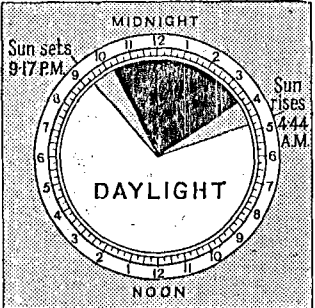
THE BRAN TUB

The Lead Pencils

A STATIONER has a number of lead pencils which he wishes to tie in bundles, each bundle containing the same number. He tries 6 in a bundle, then 7, and then 8, but in each case there are three pencils left over. He is successful with 9 in each bundle. What is the smallest number of pencils he can have had?

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 17. Next Wednesday, June 21, is the longest day.

Next Week in the Countryside

YOUNG partridges are hatched, and young broods of greenfinches are fledged. The songs of the redbreast and the golden-crested wren cease. The painted lady and meadow-brown butterflies and privet hawk moth appear. The bee orchis, biting stonecrop, small scabious, wild carrot, dock, and mayweed are coming into flower.

What Bird Is This?

IN the grief but not in the woe, In the friend but not in the foe, In the large but not in the big, In the delve but not in the dig, In the glade but not in the glen, In the fold but not in the pen, In the stake but not in the post, In the shore but not in the coast, In the horse but not in the foal, A large species of thrush is my whole.

Answer next week

Miniature Date Palms

LITTLE date palms can be grown quite easily. Collect 20 or 30 date stones, put them in a jar filled with water, and stand them in a warm place to soak for a week or more. Then press them thickly into the soil of a good-sized flower-pot. Keep the pot in a warm, sunny room and do not let the soil get too dry; it is a good plan to use lukewarm water. When the first shoots appear much more water will be needed. The baby palms will

grow rapidly during the summer and soon the pot will be thick with them. If left in the pot for a long time the cramping of the roots will dwarf the palms in a curious manner.

Ici On Parle Français



Le ficher Le colporteur Le galet
peg pedlar pebble

On fixe le linge avec un ficher. Le colporteur vend sa marchandise. La plage est couverte de galets.

The Tent in Wet Weather

IF the canvas of a tent is in good condition it should keep out the rain. There is one thing that must be remembered—on no account must the material be touched when it is saturated. If only one spot on the inside is touched with a finger, the water comes through. For the same reason boxes and other objects must be kept away from the wet canvas.

If the canvas has been touched, get a piece of flat wood and hold the edge a little above the leakage. Then draw the piece of wood firmly right down the canvas to the bottom of the tent. This will stop the leak and cause the water to drain downward once more.

The Broken Clock

LITTLE Buntingford and Great Swallowfield were playing their annual cricket match. The excitement was intense, for Little Buntingford, with only one wicket to fall, needed six runs to win. The village blacksmith faced the bowling, determined to get those runs with one mighty stroke. He hit the ball with all his strength

and it flew toward the clock on the pavilion roof.

Crack! The ball hit the clock face, which split in two straight lines, breaking into three pieces. When the players picked up the pieces they noticed that the figures on all three added up to the same total.

Draw a clock face and see if you can discover where the lines ran.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the South-West: Venus and Mercury are in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Sunday, June 18.

Hallmark for Aircraft

BRITISH-BUILT aeroplanes now have a hallmark.

The Air Ministry is issuing a sign of a golden lion enclosed in red, white, and blue rings to machines that have the British certificate of airworthiness. The first of these symbols was placed on an Imperial Airways liner.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

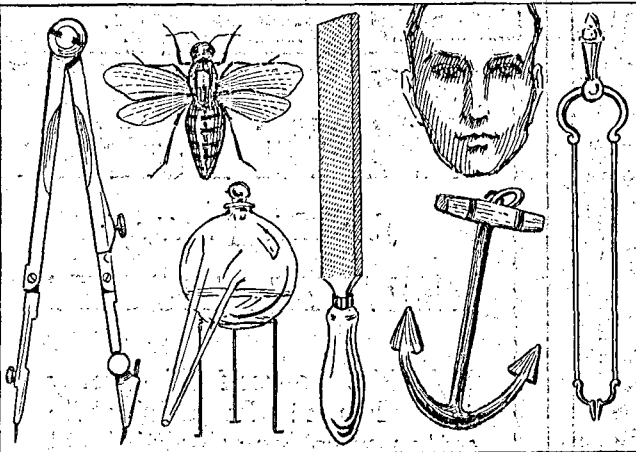
A Legacy Problem. £3089 6s 8d

What Am I? The Letter S

Reheaded Words. Chair, hair, air
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle.

M	O	U	S	E	R	A	G	F	A	R	E	S
D	I	N	E	P	A	N	E	L	M	A	N	X
L	C	B	A	T	M	A	P	I	D			
S	L	E	A	N	H	P	A	D	S	A		
C	L	E	A	R	S	A	P	W	E	E	D	S
A	I	S	E	L	L	A	P	S	E	A	P	
R	A	T	E	E	A	G	L	E	R	I	T	E
E	S	E	L	A	M	B	E	N	T	T	E	N

A Double Acrostic in Pictures



FIND the names of these seven objects and place them one under another in such order that the initials and finals spell what we see in a busy town.

Answer next week

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ANGELA was a rather spoiled and only child, and she lived with her parents in a London suburb.

All her wants were gratified except one, but in Angela's eyes this one was a very important one. Her mother was very proud of her house, and in consequence would not allow Angela to keep any pets.

It was a great trouble to Angela, who would gladly have sacrificed all her expensive toys for a puppy or a kitten. Her mother did not realise that, after brothers and sisters, animals are the next best playthings.

The result was there was nothing Angela enjoyed more than staying with her two aunts. They had not nearly such a nice house as Angela,

but they had things which pleased her far more, a beautiful ginger-coloured cat named Dandy, a fox-terrier, two rabbits, and a parrot!

Angela had come to spend a week with her aunts, and it was the first day of the holiday—a lovely hot day, and they were on their way to the swimming bath, which was part of the river boarded off.

"I suppose your mother would never allow you to have Dandy even for a fortnight while we are all away?" asked one of the aunts. "We dislike having to leave him with the Vet, for he would be in a cage all day."

"I am afraid she would not," said Angela, sorrowfully. "And how I would love to have him," she added,

with a sigh, casting a loving glance at Dandy who trotted happily along beside them.

The swimming bath was reached, and Angela quickly slipped into her bathing dress. Dandy watched her very attentively, not quite able to make up his mind whether he would go in or not. Like a little fish Angela swam about in the sunlit waters, crying out from time to time "Auntie, this is lovely!"

Suddenly, with no warning, a swan swam in under the boarding, and to the on-lookers' horror, with wings outstretched, bore down upon Angela.

Dandy saw the danger at once, and was the first to act.

Contrary to all instinct (for a swan can kill a dog with a

Dr MERRYMAN

Just as Good

CUSTOMER: A mustard plaster, please.

Assistant: Sorry, sir, we're out of mustard, but we have salt, vinegar, and pepper.

The Boy Who Failed

THE employer was interviewing an applicant for the office-boy's job.

"Surely," he said, "you are the boy I saw trying to climb into my orchard."

"Well, yes, sir; but I didn't really get in."

"Then you can go. I have no use for failures in my business."

An Unexpected Visitor



PETER had a picnic Beneath a shady tree; There came an unexpected guest Who just dropped in to tea.

Railway Puzzle

A COUNTRYMAN in an Underground station went back to the booking-office.

"Look, mister, there are about twelve stations on this ticket you gave me."

"Quite right," said the clerk; "it is the same fare to all of them."

"Then how am I to know which station to get out at?"

The Neighbours

TEACHER: Johnny, do you know the population of London?

Johnny: Not all of them, miss; we haven't lived in London long.

Deliberate

THE insurance agent was taking down particulars for a new policy.

"Have you ever had any serious accidents?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"No accidents of any kind?"

"None. A mule once kicked me over a fence."

"Well, that was an accident."

"No; the mule did it on purpose."

DANDY TO THE RESCUE

beat of its wings) Dandy jumped into the river and swam to the child's aid. He was able to hold the swan at bay until the attendant had had time to fetch a pole and was able to beat it off. He had to be careful not to kill it, for, according to the law of England, swans are royal birds, and are the property of the Crown.

Apart from a nasty fright, Angela was little the worse for the experience; and it had one happy result. When her mother heard the story she felt she could not refuse Dandy hospitality for the holidays. And for more than the holidays it proved to be, for such a friendship grew up between the two that Dandy was allowed to remain.

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Free of all charge please send a week's sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE.

EUTHYMOLISE

"Good! It's Mason's! and Teetotal Too!"



Kindly fill up and post this coupon NOW for a

TRIAL SAMPLE

OF

MASON'S

Extract of Herbs

and make ONE GALLON

OF THE FINEST BEVERAGE IN THE WORLD

(non-intoxicating).

COUPON

NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.—Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of the finest beverage in the world, 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

Name.....

Address (in Block Letters).....

C.N.